This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

R. Hart—

Jany 3. 1902—

FARTHER EXCURSIONS

OF THE

OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN,

EXEMPLIFIED

IN A

Tour to Margate.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By the Author of the "Observant Pedestrian," in two volumes, "Mystic Cottager," "Montrose," &c.

VOL. II.

"Laugh at the Jests or Pranks that never fail,
"Or sigh with Pity at some mournful Tale;
"Or press the bashful Stranger to his Food,
"And learn the Luxury of doing Good." *Goldsmith's Traveller.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. DUTTON, NO. 10, BIRCHIN-LANE, CORNHILL.

By J. D. Dewick, Aldersgate-street.

1801.

203. g. 182.

FARTHER EXCURSIONS

OF THE

OBSERVANT PEDESTRIAN.

RAGGED JENNY.

THE tide being going out, permitted me a charming walk. The curling wave was fast receding from the shore, and the foaming surf had strewn innumerable weeds of beauteous variegation on the furrowed sands, which a young girl was diligently collecting in a basket; but, instead of leaving the shore, as I expected, after she had gleaned the treasures the beach afforded, she again shifted them on the sands, and turning the basket

topsy-turvy, took her seat on it, and began washing and cleansing the weeds in the retiring wave.

"And why make use of sea-water?" said I, approaching.

"To preserve them, your honour, and I shall prepare them afterwards; I have been waiting for them these two hours, for they're all bespoke by the Duchess, and I reckon to make a good penny by them. I have also collected a charming variety of shells, though your honour can't distinguish their beauty in their present state; but if you'd please to walk up to the fort, we have some curious ones there."

A modest invitation, from the lip of a pretty girl, has great weight with a man whose hour is not pre-engaged; so, after the girl had well soused and replaced the weeds

weeds in her basket, I followed her to the fort, where, dangling on a string, danced a variety of star-fish, bleaching their pearl-strewn shapes in contrast with their polished pink linings.

The old shell-woman was lavish in the praises of her curious collection, a few of which I purchased at a moderate price.

"Don't your honour chuse a few weeds?" whispered the girl; "they are my perquisite, and I wants to scrape a little money up, to buy me something for the winter."

"And what is that something?" asked I.

"Why," said she, lowering her voice and leering at the old woman; "you must know I long for a *red scarlet* cloak

to wrap me up of a winter's morning; for there goes poor I at day-break up to my knees in the sea, shivering and shaking in brother's old ragged dab of a jacket, that when I meet any body, coming home, they hoot and laugh at me, and ask me whether I'm a boy or a girl; so I'm determined to earn money enough to make myself decent, for I swear I'll never wear it again, if I am perished with cold."

"Thou hast a brave spirit," said I.

"Indeed she has," answered the old woman. "Yes, yes, ragged Jenny has got all her father's pride—she's a high mettled chick."

The girl burst into tears—"I will not be snubbed and called *ragged* Jenny," said she; "and as to my father's pride, as

as you call it, he'd a right to be proud, for he was a rich man, and paid you handsome and well, though he's *deserted me.* Now he's *gone* to Heaven, little did he think I should be made a shell-picker, and called ragged Jenny."

"So," replied I, "hereby hangs a tale, I find."

"Aye, 'tis a tale, if your honour knew all," sobbed Jenny; "I could shew your honour a fine watch and seal that my father sent me *when he was dead,* and a parchment paper about money that I'm to have when I'm one and twenty."

"Hold your fool's tongue," said the old woman, reddening with conscious tinge; "its false; its no such a thing; you know your father's brother, the

'Squire, claimed it all, and only allow me a trifle to keep you; and if I did no be charitable enough to bear with your plaguey proud whims, you'd be a beggar; you know you would."

"I'll shew the gentleman my watch, however," said Jenny, darting into the little habitation.

"Why, the girl's crazed, I believe," said the old woman. "Lord, Sir, you must know Jenny was a chance child of a wealthy gentleman; whether she ever had a rich mother, God knows—but some sort of a one she must have had you know, Sir; so he brought her in a *po-shay* one day, about fourteen years *agone*, and begged me to keep her, and he'd pay handsome for her board, and so not for me to say *nothing* to *nobody*, but bring her up industrious, like my own child,

child, as it were; and so I reared her, and made her a fine blooming girl, like what you see her. But you must know, about three months ago, this gentleman died, and left her a watch, and a power of money, and ordered me to send her to school; and just as the girl was beside herself with joy, down comes the gentleman's brother, and a lawyer man, and swore that Jenny was a *jetty-mate* child, and could not claim a penny; so there was an end of her pomps and vanities, and ever since she's *nagged* at me, like an old grindstone."

"Why like a *grindstone?*" said I, laughing.

"Because," replied the woman, "she *twirls* about, and *spits fire* at me, in such passions, I never saw the like; and all, for-

sooth, because, now there's no board coming in, I told her she must earn her living if she staid with me, and a mighty terrible hardship she makes of picking up a few weeds; so she may seek a better home if she chooses—I sha'n't cry after her, I promise you."

Jenny now returned with the watch and seal; but how great was my astonishment, to behold it the identical memorial I had presented my friend Martin with twenty years ago! recognizing it by a peculiar mark I had often noticed.

As I started with surprize, I examined the girl's features, and instantly discovered a prepossessing resemblance; but, as involving myself in her concerns, on so ignoble a basis, would redound little to my credit to interfere in her behalf, I governed

governed my emotion, and returned it in silence, observing it was very handsome, but a useless bauble in her station of life.

"Never mind," answered Jenny; "poorer folks than me have been *great ladies*, through God, and *good luck*, and so may I, who knows; and then some other ragged Jenny may pick shells for me."

What a little trimmer, thought I, as I made choice of a few weeds, for which I slipped a half-crown into her hand, towards the scarlet-cloak subscription, which she as ingeniously slipped, unperceived by the old woman, into her bosom; thanking me with a wink and a bob courtesy.

As I returned from the fort, musing

on the discovery of the shell-picker's protegée, I felt inclined to extend my walk to the pier, and learn when the next hoy was expected; so quickening my pace, I trotted down the High-street; but when I got to the Pier, the only visible object was a poor ragged lad, fishing.

THE CRAB-BOY.

He was sitting in a niche, dangling a long string, with a hook at the end, catching young crabs, about a dozen of which were scrambling in sidelong antics on the pavement.

"I hope you never angle of a *Sunday*," said I.

"Only sometimes for *fun*," replied the boy, collecting the frisky gentry into his basket.

"It would be much *better fun* to wash your face, comb your hair, and make your decent bow at church."

The boy hung his head.

"When is the hoy expected?" continued I.

"About four o'clock to-morrow; and a pretty tight one she'll be, father said."

"Then I'll come down again," said I, "after church; where, if I were to see you with your prayer-book, instead of a basket of crabs, I might be tempted to reward you."

The hint took effect, for the boy instantly twisted up the string, relinquished his sport, and raising the basket on his arm, nodded his ragged head—scraped his foot with a double flourish, and marched out of sight in a twinkling.

THE PENNY HOPE.

I HAD not long been settled in my pew, on the Sunday morning, when I observed a curly pole moving before the door, and an audible voice loudly repeating the responses out of a dirty dog's-eared prayer-book; but when the same head raised a pair of peeping eyes full upon me, I was at no loss to recognize the metamorphosed crab-boy, who, with a scarlet cheek, was stroking his curly locks into venerating order. His face, hands, and coarse shirt, were all clean and comfortable, and the pious attention he preserved over his book, drew my attention; for his eyes wandered but in two directions,

directions, from his book to me, and from me to the parson.

"How that boy is anticipating a penny," said I to myself; "for what else brought him here? Not his religion, I'll be sworn; but I shall prove him yet."

When the service ended, the crab-boy's bow was the first I received at the pew door; I noticed him not; he followed me into the church-yard, and crossing me twice, made a second hopeful bow.

"Ah! ah!" said I, "youngster, how are the crabs?"

"I left them all alive and *kicking*, your honour, when I came to church."

"And how long is it since you were here before, boy?"

"Why,

"Why, its as *much* as a *good bit*, your honour," replied he, abashed at my scrutinising look and question.

"Tell me honestly," said I, "as near as you can recollect."

"Why, an please you, 'twas when our Sukey was christened; and she've been born one year, come Christmas."

"And why, you idle, wicked, negligent rogue, have you never been since? How can you ever expect to prosper through life, if you don't attend your duty?"

"Why, I don't prosper *not at all*, hardly, your honour, somehow, to be sure; but yet father does, too, and he never goes to church, but *whistles* and *swears* more of a Sunday than all the week put together

ther—father's a dead hand at a *rapper*, that's for *sartain*."

"And what brought you here, to-day?" continued I, "the penny hope, I'm afraid, or the hopes of a penny, which?"

The boy grinned, shewed his even white teeth, scratched his pole, and looked as silly as a goose.

"Come," said I, "here it is, then," dropping a penny into his hat; "and if I see you here again next Sunday, I'll give you two-pence more."

"Then I won't go *anearst* the pier, nor ever think about the crabs," said he; "and I'll be sure to be here."

"For *two-pennyworth* more *religion*," interrupted I.

"No,"

"No," said he, "they don't sell that sort of stuff; and if they did, our parson's so stingy, we should have a *main little* bit for two-pence."

"But the Samaritan's two-pennyworth," said I, "was abundant; don't you remember that story about the oil and wine?"

"Yes, I knows it all," said the boy; "but our parson don't never have no oil at church, only some wine, in a silver cup, and that he makes every body pay for, before they drink it; and an't that a burning shame, now?"

"No, my good boy," replied I, "you don't understand the meaning of that ceremony; he gives it away, by God's command, to comfort and bless good people."

"But,

"But, *axing* your honour's pardon," continued he, "I saw him give a good *swig* to our 'Squire, t'other Sunday, and he's as wicked a man as ever lived; but he *gived* the parson a guinea for it afterwards, for I *seed* it shine in the *wooden tray;* and so if I was to *ax* him for to give I *two-pennyworth*, Lord, what a drop I should have, your honour."

"Alas, child!" said I, "thou comprehendest not the most glorious blessing of existence; that sacred precious cup is presented by the hand of thy God, to wash away thy sins, and all who drink of it, ought to bless and adore the memory of his Saviour. When you are a man, search into this truth; and even though a boy, were you to ask the good parson to explain it to you, he would tell you, with delight, the joyful secret."

"But

"But I dare not *ax* him, your honour, to let me taste God Almighty's wine, because I'm a poor ragged boy, and, mayhap, he'd send me to the cage."

"Never fear," said I; "but the next time we meet, you and I will have a little farther conversation on the subject."

The boy, scraping his foot once more, scampered away; and, forgetting the parson, the wine, and the religion, he vaulted over every grave and tombstone that came in his way, whistling like his poor condemned father, equally as forgetful that he was prophaning the Sabbath.

THE HOY.

In the afternoon, having taken a glass of excellent port, I strolled to the Pier to watch the arrival of the hoy, by way of intelligence and amusement; where, gliding through the green transparent wave, the "Rose in June" was making for the Pier, with shouts of joyous merriment.

"Now for a little diversion," said I, seating myself on the stone parapet.

The Pier was presently thronged with helpers and spectators; some came down to welcome the voyagers, and some, like myself, to take a sly peep of curiosity.

At

At length she was grappled to the mooring-chain, and the clamour of welcome having ceased, the passengers were crowding up the hold, all eager to be first.

"Avast! there," said a facetious looking fellow, muffled in a thick shaggy surtout, with a large oak stick in his hand, something similar to the bear and ragged staff; "Avast! there," continued he, "ye shall all come out in turn—I'll shew you all off in one minute.—Make room there, for de Grand Signor," thumping his stick, and apeing the broken English and dialect of a *raree-shew* man.

"Now you shall see, what you shall see—Oh! here comes first, de grande Russian bear, what shews his *teet*, but can't *boit* you.—Ha! Bruno!—Give me ju paw —See, he's very tame."

The

The sailors and spectators roared with laughter, as an huge athletic man squeezed through the hold, and stepped on deck, no way dismayed by the ridicule of the moment, in which he joined with the rest.

"Dat's one fine tempered fellow," said the mock keeper, clapping him on the back; then thumping again, and peeping down the hold, "Send them up, dere." Oh! here is come de *stripe tigere-cat*, what is very fierce.—Take care—stand off!"

This proved no other than a little notable city virgin, composed of spleen and ugliness, and dressed in a broad brown and yellow-striped gown; who, with all the fury she could give utterance to, as he offered his hand, attempted to slap his face.

"Keep

"Keep your paws to yourself, you audacious wretch," cried she. "How dare you behave so insolent, you brute?"

"Ah, ah!" said he, "dis little cat was one great *curiosité*—She was come from de coast of *Barbare*—she is well set in de bone; she is slim in the *hind paws*," continued he, catching aside her petticoat to expose her grimony stockings, which so enraged her, she made a second aim at his face.

"No, no! pussy, keep ju claws to *juself*, else I shall clip dem short, and take de little worm out of *ju* tongue."

Foaming with passion, the enraged woman burst from his hold, and rushing with her bundle across the plank, bustled through the crowd of spectators as fast as she could waddle.

"Here,

"Here, again, is one fine green monkey, *widout* a *tail.*—He's a fashionable fellow, what every one admires, chatters every *ting* in de world, and is one special hand to crack de nut, and *tro* de shell at any body. —See how tame he was look.—Hold up your head, *Demo.* He was shed his jacket *t'oder* day, and he was look *down,* and *foolish,* ever since."

The young buck laughed; the spectators were again convulsed with mirth; and the funny fellow continued, as he handed out a fourth:—

"Here you shall see one pretty little black *hyena.*—She was cry tears like a Christian. Ah! she was got one large *gold pouch* on her *hip*; and by de next spring she will *change* her *coat,* and be all fine *colares.* She was very quiet. See, she was got no *chain* or *padlock* now.—

Any

Any of you would *chump* at such a bargain."

The lovely widow gathered her veil close, and blushing, even through her crape, hurried on shore without reproof.

"Now comes de grand lion," said he, meaning the captain, who was calling him to order by a variety of oaths. "Hark! how he growls and roars.—Don't you be frightened—I was tame him presently—he was open his *paw* for de money—you shall see him make fine bow, too."

The captain now begged him to desist from his offensive ribaldry, observing, the passengers where highly incensed; and if he did not take care, they'd give him a salt-water dip, presently.

"What," said he, "de king of *beasts* bow to de jackall? No, no—you're de

head of the menagerie, and shall you be make bow your grey *mane* to *dem?*"

"'Tis you," replied the captain, "who ought to bow and beg their pardon, for the insults you are committing."

"I was give dem all good characters; and if dere is any more was like entertain de company, I was shew dem out wid pleasure. Ha, ha! here comes de marmosettes, de wolfs, de leopards; ah! de whole collection.—Bless mine soul, where is my whip?"

"Whip! you rascal," said a choleric chap, seizing his collar, and shaking him. "I wish I had one, sirrah, I'd make you feel. You have been a nuisance to the whole crew, night and day. You have been taking off every body, sirrah, ever since you set foot on board."

"Well,

"Well, well," said he, "den now I change de scene, and take myself off; so good by.—I was never waste my time in sing psalms to a hog, what was never understand manners."

"Hog, Sir!" reiterated the chap; "how dare you call me a hog—explain, Sir, explain?"

"Well, if you *vill* have de *trute*, de reason I *taught* you was a hog, was by your *collar*."

"Collar!" interrupted the chap;—"what of my collar?"

"Because, I was hear say, de large collars was make de finest *brawn;* and so, for de good of de public, I was not collar you in return, for fear I spoil de brawn; but I was let you collar me, be-

cause I was no hog—and I defy you to hurt me."

During this keen sarcasm, every eye was fixed on the derided badge of puppyism, which rising two inches above the chap's scarlet silk handkerchief, almost touched his cheek-bones.

"You shall pay well for this public insult," said he, as he leaped on shore, amidst the murmuring whispers of ridicule.

"Never mind the price," answered the other, "so long as I have had a good *cut* at the *collar*. And now, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, throwing off his surtout, "behold me as I am, not *handsome*, but, I trust, not strangely disagreeable. If I have offended, 'twas unintentional, and, I hope, not unpardonable;

able; for, believe me, I will as readily forgive any gentlemen assuming a similar liberty at my expence, as I trust they will me; the wanton impulse of the moment alone suggested the nonsensical, though harmless character I have adopted."

Loud plaudits rung on every side, as this man of comicality individually shook hands with every fellow-passenger, except the *tiger-cat*, and the *hog*, who had absconded previous to the attempt of civilizing their imaginary affront.

I see the reader smile—I hear him execrate so ludicrous a description; but I can vouch for its *authenticity*, for it was a character as exactly represented by one of my own *familiar* friends, however the assertion may *appear incredulous*.

SYMPTOMS OF SUCCESS.

After returning to the hotel and ordering my coffee, I enquired the manager's address, to whom I instantly repaired, in favour of Tambourina. I found him with a small, select party, and requested a few moment's audience, which politely granting, we withdrew.

I told him the subject of my intrusion as laconic as possible, and requested his patronization for my poor emigrant.

With much commendable benevolence, he instantly acquiesced with my proposal; and, with a spirit of generosity,

sity, that did equal honour to his head and heart, offered a very liberal salary, if her merits answered my commendation; assuring me, if he found her the acquisition to his theatre which I described, he would exert himself in her future establishment.

Flushed with success, I gave the manager my address, and requested he would partake a bottle with me the following evening, when I would introduce Tambourina; and with the most hearty assurances of friendship, we parted.

THE BOTTLE-GREEN KIDS.

After returning to the hotel, and sipping my coffee, solus, which I preferred to taking it publicly, I marched up stairs into the long-room, which was already thronged; and forcing my way through an inundation of tea-kettles and bread and butter, I at last placed myself on the edge of a half vacant form, occupied on the upper end by the identical lady of *porpoise* notoriety I had met at the bathing-house, accompanied by the two Miss Gristles, their little, rough, thick-set papa, and a weasel-faced military sprig, in his dashing *yard-wide* hat, with a feather as long and dangling as my *grandmother's*

grandmother's pedigree, supported by a form as slender as the stem of a mushroom.

"Well, this is a vast pretty place," exclaims the lady, straining till she became purple-visaged by the Herculean exertion of pulling off her *extra-long bottle-green kids*, till she had so completely muffled her hands, and they stuck so tight, she could neither get them one way or the other. "Dear-ker-daisy, I shall never get these here gloves off, I declare; its as hard work as *skinning rabbits*; do, deary, give them a rare tug."

"Permit me that honour, Madam," answered Captain *Champignon*, who, in turning briskly round to offer his service, flirted the end of his long white plume into the poor lady's eye.

She screamed with agony;—the apo-

logizing captain doft his *beaver triangle*, and in endeavouring to release her imprisoned hand, with one able flourish slit the *bottle-green kid* in the most execrable manner, and displayed a hand and set of fingers, dyed of the same complexion.

The lady explored them on full stretch; gazed, in tears of vexation, on the mutilated glove, and with an inflamed eye, screwed up from the agony the feather had occasioned, with the most piteous countenance applied to the waiter, to know if he could tell her what to *do with her hands*, and whether he could get a needle and thread to sew her poor *bran*-new glove.

"La, Ma'am," replied he, "I have a thousand things to attend to; I've cut seventy-six plates of bread and butter, already,

already, and I'm torn to pieces for as many more."

"Plague take your bread and butter, and your lies into the bargain," retorted the lady; "I say, bring me a bason of water, with a bit of soap and a towel, as fast as you can—d'ye hear?"

"Lord, Ma'am," again replied the waiter, bursting into a loud laugh, "you might as well order a pot of beer and a pipe into this room, as a wash-hand-bason;—my mistress would as soon send you the one as the other, I'm sure."

"You're a very impudent sort of a Billingsgate fellow, however," replied the lady.

"You rascal," said the captain, laying his hand on the *scabbard* of his sword,

"do you see what *I've got here?*—Do you happen to know *who* I *am?*"

"No, truly, Sir," answered the waiter, turning on his heel.

"No, no, I warrant you," said the old weasy gentleman, "he little thinks as you're a *wollunteer corps* captain; he did not, mayhap, see your *goulden* gorget."

"I wish you'd *gorget* your *brem*-butter," cried his wife.

"I wish you'd not be so snappish," answered he.

"Its enough to make any body snappish, to be in such a quandary condition; and what's worse, I ha'n't got my pockets on; if I hadn't left them at home for fashion, truly, I could have mended my glove." "You

"You had better by half go home, lovey, and *clean* yourself," replied the husband, sputtering his advice through a mouthful of bread and butter.

"Go home, indeed!" reiterated his spouse; "what, pay eighteen-pence for nothing!—Not I, truly; I shall have my tea first, at all events. As to my eye, *thof* its painful enough, I've the consolation to reflect, it was occasioned by an *accidency* from the *top-gallant* of a *man of war*, wasn't it, Captain?" slapping him on the shoulder. "Now, i'n't that an excellent *impromptер*—a close *bung*-mot, as you may call it?"

"A perfect original, indeed, Madam," simpered the captain. "He! he!—I give you credit, 'pon honour!"

"Oh, I was always mighty fond of *naturals*

naturals and *originals*—our family was always famous in that line. I've got such a pedigree at home; its as long as our best Turkey carpet—*twenty two feet* and a *half*, by *nineteen* and a *quarter*."

"Pshaw! pshaw! hold your nonsense. Don't begin about your everlasting pedigree—it drives me mad," answered her husband. "What signifies who we spring from? Its what we *are*, now-a-days—not what we *were*. What's the use of a man's telling how many sacks of coals he has carried with a *fortnight*'s shirt, and never a coat to his back; or, when he was a *shoe-black*, how merry he used to whistle over his kettle and brushes, and what a relish he used to eat his red-herring with, broiled over the alehouse coals?"

"La, *Par!*" interrupted Miss Gristle.

"And,

"And, la, *Mar*, too," continued her father; "I say its fact; I've heard the very men, themselves, tell their histories in their own *coaches*, and at their own table; but, mind me, when I say they are now become great men, through God, and good luck; I don't tell you they were *wise* ones, by the by, to sound a *crack'd* trumpet."

"'Pon honour, I think not," said the captain. "Well, I never was fond of retailing my own concerns; I'm a true *Dutch dummy* in my *own affairs;* and though, from a little blustering and flash, our troop honoured me with their command, there is not a man of them knows whether I sprung from a nabob or a peasant;—whether I am a man of pence or thousands. By gad, Sir, *dash* is the word; and with a good stock of *impudence* and gallantry, we *pillars* of the

the nation bear our pass-port on our backs."

"Yes, yes," rejoined the cit; "but you'll allow, there are various sorts of pillars."

"True," answered the captain; "the clergy, the navy, and the army, are all distinct pillars, that support the nation."

"They may be," replied the dry old quiz. "But did you never hear of the *caterpillars*, who, living on the *cabbage* of the nation, not only devour, but spoil and corrupt every *heart* they can creep into?"

"He! he! he!" said the captain, "you're waggish, 'Squire, I find. But, come, suppose we join the promenade; tea

tea seems finished, and the parading groups are forming, I see. Come, my dear little divinities," addressing the simpering Miss Gristles, "I have an arm for the service of each."

"And a *heart*," thought I, "worth the acceptance of *neither*." However, off flourished the captain, with the fragments of Miss Gristle's spotted japan, dangling on his unfortunate sword, which soon after very unadroitly happening to entangle his legs, laid him sprawling, to the diversion of the company, who all allowed he was no pupil of Chesterfield.

The sprawl—the shriek—the mutilated japan—completed the family disasters.

Mrs. Gristle, who had waddled up, to hear the fracas, with one hand swaddled

dled in a handkerchief, and the other clinging round the athletic arm of her husband, exhibited a set of nails as black as the beard of an oyster, attached to the ends of four ruddy, stained, dumpty fingers.

"Lauk-a-daisy, captain," exclaimed she, "your sword don't seem to fit well; its done more harm than it will ever do good, I'm sure."

"I hope not, Madam," replied the poor, humbled *man of war*, reddening with confusion, while he would have relinquished his hat, sword, and coat, to have sneaked away from the tittering sarcasms that assailed him on all sides; when, behold, he was met by an intimate friend, who, determined to smoke his mimic heroism, exclaimed:

"Why,

"Why, Dick, what in the world brought you here, *a la militaire!*—Why, you look as gay as the *lobster* I was admiring at your *shop*, yesterday. A pretty blow up your *old one* will give you;—there was he, up to his elbows, sorting pickled herrings, and execrating a customer who had just returned a large cod's-head, with some heavy complaint. Where's my friend, Sir? said I."

"Oh, the d—l take him, he's off to Margate; if he'd been here, he'd soon have let you all know a fresh *cod's head* from a stale one; but now, take it or not, I have not *another* in the house."

"So, you see, Dicky, there was nothing to be done in the cod's-head line when *you* was out of the way; and finding the *old one* so plaguey crusty, I left him scrambling in the pickle-tub, and off I brushed."

Oh,

Oh, what a crush!—How the great little man's consequence was levelled by this cruel exposure, uttered in so loud a key, that a mole might have caught the topic. He drew forth his handkerchief—crossed his face—hemmed a pause of recovery, and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, exclaimed in a low whisper:

"What the d—l did you mention the infernal herrings in such a place as this, for; blaring out about the cod's-head, and my old father's rumpus? Zounds, I'd sooner have given a guinea than been so attacked;—so say no more about it. When one's at these places, its no matter what one does at home; and though you laugh at my militaire—how could I have come better? Rot it, was there any occasion to come in my *apron*, and tell the world I was a *fishmonger?* Humph! you don't know what life is, if you can't *dash.* But my party are upon the brush,

so

so adieu. We shall meet to-morrow at the coffee-room."

During this curious harangue, Miss Gristle and her party had been driven by the concourse to the other end of the room, and were now sought by the captain, who, by some powerful policy, persuaded them to retire, which they did, a few minutes after; but not till Mrs. Gristle had drawn her gown so tight over the *rear*, that in making a *bend* to one of the waiters who stood at the door, and wishing him a *very good night*, as she passed, slit her apple-green sarsnet three quarters of a yard; and in that trim was hurried down-stairs, leaving the company fully employed in picking over such a set of Gristles.

A TREATISE ON SCISSAR-SHEATHS.

SAUNTERING from the hotel, about ten o'clock, to enjoy the evening air while my solitary supper was preparing, I was crossed by a *zig-zag* son of Bacchus, who, in losing his equilibrium, caught fast hold of a post.

Though I conceive a drunken man to have degraded my favourite nymph, Nature, and reduced her on a level with the quadrupedical species; I still retain a certain sensation of fellow-feeling to preserve the man, though I despise the character; so following him, not in an *exact line*, for that would have been almost

almost impracticable, but at a mediocre distance, I saw him, with symptoms of violent ecstacy, clasp the first post he encountered, reeling and sliding half over which, he exclaimed, in squeaking lisp, "Kitty, my dear, dear, dear K-i-t-ty, you are my only *sup-p-ort*—Kitty, you are my *prop*; and God bless you, for *upholding* my c-a-use.—K-i-t-ty, without you, my dear girl, *where* should I be?"

"In the kennel," thought I, as he paused to hiccough and see-saw, till another paroxism of loquacity seized his cramped tongue, and he thus continued:

"My heart's all in a flutter, K-i-t-ty; but its like *your's*, my dear girl, its a *heart* of *oak*, and its as *steady* as myself—I suppose no man's *steadier* than I am, when he *sticks firm*. I hate *waverings*, waver, waver, waver, like the brains of a drunken

drunken man. Now, that's a folly, K-i-t-ty; so-b-r-i-e-ty is—is—is sobriety—that's a comfort. I hate drunkards—I de-s-p-i-se them. K-i-t-t-y, you don't speak to me.—Well, God bless you—I'm off—I'm going home in a *straight* line, though the pavement's devilish narrow, somehow; but I'll go and bother M-i-t-c-h-e-n-e-r, rot his long name."

He now quitted his supposed Kitty, and again staggered on towards the Parade, whither I determined to see him safe, before I lost sight of him.

He had reeled down the High-street, and was within sight of the Parade, where he was met by two merry Cyprians, who instantly accosted him, and from observing his situation, jeeringly asked him to repeat the word "*scissar-sheath.*"

"What,

"What!" replied the Bacchanal, "what, d'ye think I'm a fool? I can say and spell *scis-sis-sis-sar-sheath*, as well as yourself, *scis-sis-sis-sis-sar-sheath;* there, what d'ye think of me, now?"

"I think you're a stammering drunken booby," answered they; "so go home, and sleep yourself sober."

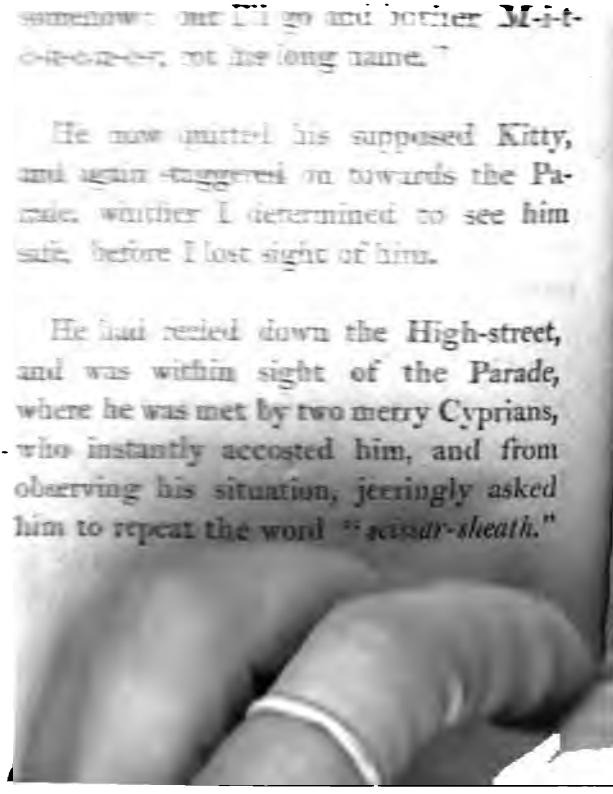
On flourished the top-heavy hero, still running, reeling, sliding, and criss-crossing as fast as possible, till he safely reached the threshold of the hotel, repeating all the way, "Scis-sis-sis-sar-sheath; curse the word, it sticks by the way—scis-sis-sis—rot your crack-tooth s-en-t-e-n-c-es, I hate nonsense; so here goes."

And so saying, in he bolted with a violent force, and left me to meditate on the task the girls had imposed, in requesting

[illegible] Kitty. How [illegible] Kitty [illegible] society—[illegible] Kitty. I have [illegible] kisses—I [illegible] them. Kitty, you don't [illegible] me.—Well, I'll [illegible] you—I'm [illegible] some [illegible] straight line, though the [illegible] parliament [illegible] narrow, somehow: but I'll go and [illegible] Miss Kitty, or her long name."

He now quitted his supposed Kitty, and again staggered on towards the Parade, whither I determined to see him safe, before I lost sight of him.

He had reeled down the High-street, and was within sight of the Parade, where he was met by two merry Cyprians, who instantly accosted him, and from observing his situation, jeeringly asked him to repeat the word "*scissar-sheath.*"



"What!" replied the Bacchanal, "what, d'ye think I'm a fool? I can say and spell *scis-sis-sis-sar-sheath*, as well as yourself, *scis-sis-sis-sis-sar-sheath;* there, what d'ye think of me, now?"

"I think you're a stammering drunken booby," answered they; "so go home, and sleep yourself sober."

On flourished the top-heavy hero, still running, reeling, sliding, and criss-crossing as fast as possible, till he safely reached the threshold of the hotel, repeating all the way, "Scis-sis-sis-sar-sheath; curse the word, it sticks by the way—scis-sis-sis—rot your crack-tooth s-en-t-e-n-c-es, I hate nonsense; so here goes."

And so saying, in he bolted with a violent force, and left me to meditate on the task the girls had imposed, in requesting an

an inebriated man to pronounce so difficult a word. I will therefore contend, no man can be denominated a drunkard who is capable of distinctly pronouncing —*scissar-sheath*—but, in return, I own the man who *cannot*, has completely *sheathed* his own tongue, as well as his senses.

A CLIFF DINNER.

On one of the most glorious mornings that ever commenced a week, I set off about noon for a ramble to Pegwell Bay, to partake a shrimp-sandwich.

The waving corn bowed its luxuriant head beside my path, and the delicate blue-bell, and gorgeous poppy, mingled their pleasing contrast.

Arrived at the towering *Belle-vue* of fashionable notoriety, I called for my repast;—not a shrimp was to be had, nor would, if caught, be prepared these two hours.

A thought occurred, that probably at some of the fishermens' huts I might be more fortunate, and I therefore ventured the enquiry of a nice, neat, pretty-looking woman, who was repairing a net at the door of one of these miserable hovels.

She modestly arose—informed me her husband was gone out on the sands, and being within sight, she would hail him, and enquire his success, as he was gone shrimping.

"By no means," said I, "I'll wait his return."

The modest, civil creature, now, dusting a wooden chair with her clean coarse apron, offered me a seat beside her ruddy cradled boy, whose cherubic countenance was as interesting as her own.

I drew

I drew the proferred seat nearer the door, admired the infantine cottager, and enquired his age.

"Why, I can't rightly tell, your honour; but I knows he was born the *first day of oysters*, for my husband got a whole lot, because I fancied them, like, and I *skimmed* down a matter of six and thirty, and never *wor* sick nor sorry, and so before tea-time, lo, and behold, there was the *huoy*, sure enough; so my husband said, as he was such a sort of an oyster chap, he should be christened *Geames*; so I remember the day well, though I don't know how many months he is over and above."

"He's a very fine fellow," answered I; and, if I judge right, you'll not be long before you bring us another."

The woman smiled, blushed, and with all the purest innocence of thought and word, declared she did not know *when* the event would happen; "but," continued she, "*mother knows* exactly, if I ask her, for she guessed right last time."

The simplicity of the reply disordered my features—I longed to stretch them to a laugh, but I dared only pucker them into a smile; yet it was not, I fear, such an innocent one as played on the dimpled cheek of the health-bloomed cottager: however, we dropped the subject.

A few minutes brought home *Jan*, with his net, basket, and shrimps; the crown only of a ragged hat shaded his open honest countenance, and a brown woollen jacket, with short trowsers, but half covered his naked sinewy legs.

"If

"If you have any to spare of those shrimps," said I, "I will purchase them in preference to the hotel; and if your good wife will pop them into that bright tin kettle, I'll amuse myself with a walk under the cliff on the sands of the bay."

"But when they be boiled, they'll be red hot," replied the simple fisher; "and how will you carry them home?"

"In my own *portable cupboard*," answered I; but the man not comprehending those kind of riddles, stared like a conjuror.

"I can lend the gentleman my little basket, *Jan*," said his wife.

"No! no!" said I, "I shall eat them on the cliff."

"On the cliff!" reiterated the fisher. "Mercy upon us!—how!—where!—what does your honour mean?"

"Why," said I, "when the shrimps are ready, come to me on the cliff, and bring me a slice of your bread and butter, with a pint of ale; and when I have finished my meal, I'll reward you according to your wish and trouble."

Jan bowed—his wife courtesied—"La!" cried she, "what a *funny dinner-place*."

"Not at all," said I; "nobody will probably see or interrupt me; and if they do, they'll only envy me."

Jan laughed—skimmed the shrimps into the boiling kettle—promised to obey my orders; and having pointed out the exact

exact spot where I meant him to pitch my refreshment, away I walked.

I had measured my steps on the sands —selected some curious pebbles—and carved my name on the rocky excavation, when a voice over my head hailed me to my repast; it was the fisherman, who had spread a clean coarse cloth upon the turfy height, on which he had laid me a half loaf, a mug of ale, and a plate of fine hot shrimps.

"Now," said he, archly, "when your honour's done, tip me a whistle, and I'll come and clear away; in the mean time, dame and I be going to *munch* our cold beans and bacon, and so your *sarvant*."

"I'll not disturb your peaceful meal," answered I; "but when you have finished, step to me."

The honest fellow seemed to have no suspicion of my character, by thus trusting me with his hospitable property; and what could prepossess him in my favour, I know not, unless 'twas the casual precept of credulity that impressed him with the idea of every man's being as honest and virtuous as himself. Treachery, perchance, had never lacerated his bosom; 'twas a tale he had yet to learn—happy the heart that, untainted by the gall of suspicion, can vibrate confidently in the bosom of peace.

My sandwich on the cliff was excellent, added to the enjoyment of the picturesque scenery of the bay, as a light vessel skimmed the translucent wave with its distended sail—burnished by the glowing sun—tinging also the sparkling foam of the approaching wave, that broke in soft murmurs on the beach. Oh! what a luxury

luxury did I feel in stretching my listless form on the craggy steep, as the refreshing breezes wafted over me.

I had watched the lessening bark to an indistinct speck in the ocean, when the hob-nailed shoe of the fisher, ascending the cliff, broke my reverie.

"What, can't your honour tired of this dreary place, and poor fare?" cried he; "I warrant you never made such a rum dinner before."

"Never," returned I; "and yet I shall not again, perhaps, make so good a one."

"Well, so long as you're pleased, no matter how," answered he, collecting the equipage and fragments.

"And now, what's the damage?" asked I.

The fisher *doft* his ragged beaver—spun it round upon his thumb—glanced at the loaf and butter—shook his head—and said he could not tell; but what I pleased, would satisfy him.

"The ale," continued he, "comes to three-pence—and the shrimps be three-pence more, and that's all; for as to the bread and butter, I could not give a guess about, for my life, not honestly, because I might say too much; and so you're heartily welcome; and I shall be main happy to see your honour another time."

"And do you suppose," answered I, "that I can share the poor man's loaf, and not reward his hospitality?—No! no! take this half-crown, and when you have paid

paid for the ale, accept the remainder for your trouble and generosity."

The grateful creature would have rejected the proferred boon.

"What!" said he, "not oblige a stranger, without being *paid* for it. No! your honour, that's not the thing at all. I'm not such a covetous wretch, to take an unfair penny."

"Say no more, man—put it in thy pocket—if I am satisfied, be thou content; and, when I feel inclined for another *treat*, I'll visit the fisher, and enjoy another cliff dinner."

"Ah! ci, Signor, le ballet;"—and she threw herself instantly into a variety of the most expressive attitudes, tragic, comic, and pantomimical; in short, she gave such specimens of unrivalled genius, that I was a perfect enthusiast, before she had half finished.

"Have, ah! have you ever performed, Malvina?" asked I, with rapturous delight.

"Ah! non, non! but I was much love l'opera Italiano, when mine fadere was musician dere; I was much beg for see di figurantes, and den I vas teach mine compagnion de ballet, Helas! how I was make de great princesse—de poor slave—de beggare girl—de paysan—all what I see, I was make; and den I was happy, was much please."

"And

"And 'tis then the effect of thine own genius and inclination, that has wrought thy present perfection, which will, I hope, enable me to serve thee!"

Malvina bowed gracefully, and I soon after left her to prepare for the manager's reception, whilst I marched off for an hour's amusement to the raffle.

THE AGONIES OF A SPOT.

HERE, as poor Edwin used to sing, were short-legged, long-legged, thick-legged, thin-legged, warped-legged, white-legged, brown-legged, and *black-legged* ladies of all descriptions and dimensions, crouding, squeezing, forcing, laughing, squabbling, grumbling, and gambling, over a half-guinea raffle, for a silver tea-equipage.

'Twas here the naked elbow performed its mighty evolutions to the rattle of the deceitful dice. And a little queen of faro was now nodding, bobbing, and staring every body out of countenance, through

through a quizzing-glass, set with diamonds, enquiring how forward her name was in the list, and when the raffle would be thrown off; declaring she had fifty other engagements, and not a moment to spare.

"Who is that votary of fashion?" whispered I.

"'Tis Lady *Bounce*," replied the master of the shop.

"I thought so," said I, "by the consequence she assumes."

"Oh, you may say that with truth; mark how she gambles," returned he; "she's a true sporter—her face is as well known in Bond-street as the King's upon a guinea;—her concerts—her routs—her galas—are attended and talked of by every person

person of distinction; in short, she's one of those, who, to preserve the appearance of the *rose* in *public*, pillows her head on the *thorn* in *private*; and who, if the *bailiffs* were in possession of her house, would have assurance enough to prevail on them to attend her gala in the *character* of *domestics*, to preserve an appearance, on which depends her whole support; no woman's purse is better filled with gold; but whether 'tis the ore of credulity, the world must judge hereafter."

Away brushed my informant to attend her Ladyship's interrogatories, with a servile bow of duplicity.

"How many raffles have you to-night?" asked she; "is my name in them *all*?—Will you step and see if *my* carriage is drawn up? Bless me, my repeater stops—

stops—the jewel is imperfect;—can you repair it by to-morrow?"

Drawn from the recess of her *bosom*, sparkled the brilliant repeater, apparently set with diamonds.

"'Tis a most superb bauble," exclaimed Lord *Wintergreen*, peering full in her face.

"Ah!" continued the lady, "that's the only reason I fatigue myself with wearing it; its utility little benefits me. I detest to mark the flight of my enemy; and as to hours, they being made for slaves, never concern me; but set it to rights, at all events. I suppose its owing to the carelessness of *my woman's* winding up. —Pray, is *my* carriage ready?"

She was answered, It was not.

"Bless

"Bless me, what drones of servants I'm tormented with!" Then, quizzing round her through the glittering optic, she dropped the low, Grecian *bend*, to Count Bingo, who, with all the elegance of theatrical attitude, advanced three strides, in profound obedience.

"Oh, my dear Count, where have you hid yourself this age past? My galas have been veiled in ennui by your absence; that *charming vivacity*—delightful *punctuality*—*spirited, engaging* converse of yours, have been missed and regretted by the whole circle."

Here Lady Bounce paused for the reply of nobility.

"Egad, I've been full of engagements," answered the Count; "my Lord Duke's evening's dinners have lately deranged

ranged the system of my usual plans; and yet your Ladyship knows no man more *punctual* than myself; my watch being the *best* in England, is my oracle of arbitration; no man waits *half* a second for me; on the turf, my foot's in the stirrup, with the precision of the polar needle; and, I believe, your Ladyship's rubbers were never protracted by my absence of invitation. But the *matter is this*:—you know my partiality to the *boards;* and absolutely, private consultation with Sheridan on the business of the *knife,* has so intervened, with *haunches, dozens,* and *rubbers,* that my best friends have actually been necessitated to *toss up* for my company; that *were exactly* the case, and I trust, in some measure, *accounts for it.*"

"But, my dear Bingo," continued the voluble lady, "what has brought you to Margate?" "Ah,

"Ah, doubtless your Ladyship means, for what purpose come I hither? In the first instance, my own *famous mare* brought me, in stile, I assure you—in the next place, I come to recruit my nervous system; and in the third instance, the knowing ones will have it, there can be no races at Lewes without *me*; and as I have a few bets depending, I shall stroll the turf in my way home; and I'd lay a trifle *I* name the winning horse. Oh, it would divert you, to see how they flock round me for my opinion; it is curious enough; but as I know pretty well what I'm about, no man runs less risks."

"Well, amidst all your perfections, my dear Count, there is yet one endowment necessary to render you completely irresistible; that is, a voice. Oh, if you could but *sing* as *well* as you can *talk*, what an acquisition would you be to my concerts!" "Ah,

"Ah, pardon me, I am not so ambitious," returned the Count; "my utmost wish is alone to be able to bear a chorus in '*God save the King*,' on earth, and —'*Hallelujah!*'—in Heaven."

"Hah! hah! hah! you droll, wicked creature, what ideas you create! But, come, will you join the raffle—'tis only half a guinea."

The Count shrunk back—begged to decline—assured her Ladyship, *that* was a species of fashionable folly he never approved; and, drawing his watch, observed, he was engaged at the coffee-room, and wishing her good evening, marched off with the polygraphic step of a Kemble.

Lady Bounce threw the dice, but Lady Bounce was seven dots below par; while

a little, red-faced, vulgarian woman, claimed the silver equipage.

"Lord, that woman always wins!" exclaimed Lady Bounce; "my odious luck is past endurance."

"We shall throw off for the spirit-stand in ten minutes, my Lady," said the master of the shop, as she ordered her servant to be called.

"Well, well, make haste; here, take my money for three chances;" and out chinked a splendid purse of guineas.

"Have you any *sixpenny* raffles, *Mister?*" enquired a little prim man, with a gold-headed cane.

Lady Bounce quizzed him, and burst into a loud laugh. "My God," cried she,

she, "you are determined not to ruin yourself, Sir."

"No," answered he, with a scornful air, "nor will I ruin others by my profligacy;—no man's guinea shines in my pocket, but my own."

"Oh, what a brute!—good Heavens! I vow I thought the man was a miser, by his appearance; but I believe, now, he's some itinerant methodist preacher, popped in here with a long face, and a system of reform in his pocket. Mercy on us! he looks the very picture of ill luck."

The virulence of this malicious attack rouzed the little man of œconomy, as the lady sailed by him in full consequence, to her carriage.

"Lady," whispered he, laying his

hand on her arm, as she lounged along, "a close tongue makes a wise head; but as I am convinced you possess not the *one*, I entertain a very poor opinion of the *other;* yet, far be it from me to insult a female, whose *deficiency* ought to claim my *pity*."

Lady Bounce, reddening with confusion, rushed to her carriage, without deigning a reply to so important a truism. Some of the company, who had overheard the squabble, were loud in unanimous decision on the lady's improper conduct; while those who did not hear it, were ridiculing her pompous insignificance.

The dice-box rattled merrily in the grasp of lily-white fingered damsels, and snuff-tinged fingers of quality dames, seducing alike the palsied palm of his Grace, and the steady throw of the well-versed

versed cit; till at length, the mistress of the Bagatelle repository made one successful shake of her elbow, in the name of a Captain ****, whom nobody knowing, somebody enquired, what any body might have explained; but as every body had been hoaxed by Captain ****'s superior luck, they had nothing to do but to dash home, after the supreme pleasure of losing their money in a genteel way, by the glorious uncertainty of a raffle, fraught with the agonies of a *spot*.

THE SETTLEMENT.

Crossing from the raffle-shop back to the hotel, I met the manager; it seems, he had enquired for me, and been shewn into the parlour, where, unexpectedly meeting Tambourina, they had half settled the business before my arrival; in short, the manager expressed himself much interested by her elegant figure, and specimen of abilities, and offered her such liberal terms that the proposals were immediately agreed on, and Tambourina was to make her debut in three days.

The glass circulated—the supper relished — Tambourina's spirits were all hilarity—

hilarity—little Ricardo sang prettily—and the manager agreed, also, to employ him as a page.

Oh, how delighted I felt in making an innocent, hopeless, female heart, as light as my own. The hour was late ere we separated, mutually pleased; the manager offering me a free admission to support his new acquisition, and Malvina, offering me, also, the purest incense of a grateful heart.

THE CITY WIFE.

THE next morning, having a little overslept myself, I lost the pleasure of attending the bathers; but as I had half an hour to spare before breakfast, I sauntered to the market.

Here, swaddled up in a *flannel mob-cap*, I met with an old acquaintance, one of those good sort of beings who never seek amusement beyond their own ideas; and one who, as a respectable tradesman's wife, would prefer making her own *stuffing* and *gravy*, chopping her own *suet dumplins*, nd *salting* her own *ham* and *beef*, to suffering any professed cook to devilize it, while

while she was assuming the fine lady in a mock drawing-room.

"La! Mister what-d'ye-call-um," cried she, "what a place this here is for *pur-wishions.*—Why, they *axes* me treble what I can buy for in Spitalfields, or *'Change-Halley.* —Why, *taters is* two-pence a pound, and *heggs* only three for a *tizzy*; howsever, I've *buyed* a *guse*, and if you'll pick a bone with us at three o'clock, we shall be proud to see you. But remember we've nothing better to give you, *sept* a neck of *muttin*, and *jumper sarse.*"

"And excellent eating, too," said I; "I'll do myself the honour to accept the invitation.—But how long have you been here?"

"Why, *we comed* in the *voy*, for the

sake of Lizzy's being *sick*, she's such a puny shrimp, and we've only been here three days; but my *huzbun* is almost tired *ov* it, and so we shall pack home to be ready for Saturday morning's customers; that's the day of days, you know; and Monday's our *great wash;* and then, you see, I *starches* and *wrenches*, and makes the *thin flank beef-pies* for the washerwomen; and if so be I *wa'n't* to tend the copper-fire, why, when I wanted to boil a *am*, or a buttock of beef, the copper *mought* be two inches thick of grease, for aught I know."

Here, with a significant nod and wink, the good housewife ended her harangue; though, to a man of my ideas, she could not have pitched on a more eccentric topic than a *wash-tub*, or a *scullery;* but, as I before said, being a complete housewife, and no fine lady, she was never out of her element, while such utilities were obtainable.

"We

"We bean't lazy," continued she, "neither me nor my girls; for, d'ye know, we've brought down three shirts to make, and *two dozen* of stockings to darn, for my sons; for, poor things, they must not be neglected, while we are pleasuring; so, while we works, my *huzbun* he goes out in a boat fishing and fowling; and, of an *arternoon*, why he takes a walk up to the *prospick* house, and there he has his brandy and water, and his pipe, and gets a comfortable nap, while I and the girls sits quite *rural*, and reads all manner of *ghostish* novels in an *outlandish* part of the *clift*; and by the time spousy wakes, why we Ben-budges home to tea, and then we're as fresh as larks, for the raffles. Lauk-a-daisy, we puts in every night, and never *vins nothink*; but they tell me, that's the way. Somehow, I'm sure, by the by, my green and *gould* purse is three *pun* ten lighter than when I

started from *Whitechappill*; so no more of your *rattle-cum-slaps* for me. But where do you lodge? At the *Otell*, I suppose.—Oh! that's the cheapest place in the *eend*. Well, we shall see you in time? Good by—I'm going home, now, to *clean* myself."

The gravity of my acquiescent bow would have graced the bend of a stoic.

"In what part of this fashionable region shall I pay you my respects, Madam?" asked I.

"Oh, la! I forgot—but we lodges at—a—the pastry-cook's, in High-street, at a Mrs. Fleece'um's. Don't ye be later than three, for I wait for nobody."

Thus, perfect in my address, I again wished madam good morning, drawing my

my hat an inch lower over my face, to prevent the next person I met from supposing me an idiot, laughing at my own chimerical thoughts.

THE MAD SUBSCRIPTION.

THOUGH in a very merry mood, as I passed the library, poor crazy Jessy crossed me, at the moment, and in I went, to retail my ideas of assistance to Mr. ——— who, after hemming, pausing, and scratching his forehead, observed, that, to be sure, my good intention *might* answer, but there would, no doubt, be many objections; however, if I would draw up the case, it should be boarded, and presented with every possible encouragement.

I requested a large sheet of paper, and, being a tolerable penman, I traced, in very

very few characters, the benevolent institution for the relief of the cottage maniac.

Mr. ——— conned it over. "I don't think," said he, "one half of the people who frequent my library will know the meaning of the word *maniac*. — Lord, Sir, you don't consider two-thirds of our visitors have nothing to boast but their loose cash. I'm sure it will be highly necessary to lay a few dictionaries by the side of the paper."

"Curiosity and singularity, often stimulate charity," said I; "therefore let the word remain, and I'll abide by its effects."

Mr. ——— promised to observe my injunction, and exert his interest.

"I shall drop in, in the evening," resumed I, "to hear how it goes on."

Mr.

Mr. ——— shook his head; but little did the scientific nod dismay my endeavours; and, brimful of hope, away I posted home to breakfast.

"Pshaw!" said I, as I sat musing the arrival of my coffee, "why did I not select the fascinating title of Crazy Jessy? that might have had as good an effect as the celebrated Crazy Jane, whom every body knows and encourages. Ah, ah! stupid; I'll e'en march back, tear the portentous sheet, and stamp another with this fashionable bait."

The waiter entering, followed by the boot-catcher, delayed me a few minutes.

"How am I to go out in slippers?" said I, "and go I must."

Boots scratched his head, and looked at the waiter, who by this time knowing me

ne pretty well, very civilly offered me the cceptance of his own, if I pleased to vear them; "for as its not race-day," ıdded he, "I am certain I shall not want them myself. Ah! Sir, I could tell you a dead good story, would make you crack your sides."

"Lend me the boots, however," replied I; "'tis business of importance calls me this moment away, but when I return, I'll hear this laughable story."

THE

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A TITLE.

MR. ——— was enjoying his breakfast, when I again requested to see him, for out he sallied with a mouthful of toast, rubbing his shining knuckles on his handkerchief, to know what more I wanted.

"I have altered my mind," said I; "a title is an indispensable requisite. Give me another sheet of paper, and I'll strike off in an instant.

"Do, do," replied he, "while I finish my bason of hyson. I'm never alive till I've had a good breakfast, and tucked in

three

three half-pints, with a *couple* of *rounds* of toast."

So saying, away he bustled, while I once more weilded the noble goose-quill over the surface of the immaculate sheet, in these flaming characters : — " For the Benefit of Crazy Jessy, the Cottage Maniac of Canterbury."

Delivering this important paper to be boarded, instantly I departed, without disturbing, as I thought, the comfortable breakfast a second time ; but my voluble tongue catching his ear, he was my most obedient in a trice ; and eyeing the paper, as its formidable capitals lay explored on the counter :

" Why, this is the thing," cried he ; " I can promise you a bumper of success. Now, there—nothing like a title. By G—d,

G—d, I have books in my library that, independent of their title, ar'n't worth the paper they contain. Oh! a *name* is such a *plaster*, it covereth all sores, all defects. Ah! you know not the efficacy of a title. Nobody reckons how many vices lurk in the bosom of my Lord Duke, because a *great* man cannot be supposed capable of a *little* action, while the plain Mr. of one syllable, claims no more attention than an incognita novel, which, though abounding with an elegance of sentiment and morality, traced on superfine hot-pressed paper, has no claim to public attention, because it has no interesting name or title attached. Yet the man of discernment, like a true artist, will never prefer the *brilliant pebble*'s dazzling lustre, compared to the concealed beauties of the *rough diamond*."

"You are right," answered I; and once

once more wishing him good morning, away I stalked, half crippled, in the waiter's picked-toed boots, of which I had some laughable anecdote yet in promise.

THE BOOT PERPLEXITY.

"LORD, Sir," cried he, as we met at the door, "my boots don't fit you so well as the last gentleman that borrowed them. Egad, if they'd nipped him as much, he'd have been glad to have returned them; for, you must know, he borrowed them of me to go to bathe, one morning, and of all others, it happened to be Canterbury races, where, to be sure, I had betted Tom Featherweight a crown bowl upon the turf. I always had a devilish smattering for jockeyship, somehow; so, having obtained leave from master to enjoy the day, I e'en lent the gentleman my boots, thinking he'd be

be home in a jiffy, by the time I should be ready to draw them on; however, he never came at the expected time:—down scampered I to Surflen's—the devil a bit was he to be found;—in I bolts to the coffee-room—no such person was there;—scoured off to the library—no, nobody there.—Cursed pretty joke, says I; the horse saddled—I spruced off—my friend expecting me—the bet will be void, as sure as death—first heat will be over—I shall be dished, says I to myself. Well, there—I vexed, and sweated, and tissed myself into a fever; ad rot the fellow, I concluded he was off; when, happening to ask Will ostler if he had seen him, he fell to swearing at such a size, telling me he saw him sprawling on the top of the cliff, reading. Away I bolts, dash, till I had run myself so out of breath, that when I came up to him I could not utter a word, but was obliged

to

to throw myself by his side to recover my speech.

"Its a lost piece of business, says I. Oh, I shall be distanced—laughed at for a flat—and lose my bet into the bargain. Why the d—l did not you come back with the boots?"

"Zounds!" replied he, "I forgot I stood in another's shoes; but, since that's the case, let's exchange, and I'll scramble home as I can."

"Well, Sir, at it we went to drag the boots off; and the first disaster was, my heel crushing his toe till the blood spun through his stocking; and, to mend the matter, the second boot stuck so tight, that, after setting us both black in the face, by G—d, it slit half up the leg. Oh, had you seen our countenances at the moment!

moment! to be sure, the gentleman offered to replace the damage with a new pair, but that did not compensate for the Canterbury bet.—What was to be done? Why, I carried home the unlucky boots, execrating them all the way, and left the gentleman to shuffle home in my slippers as well as he could. Never was in such a passion in my life; however, I cribbed another pair out of an odd corner, and mounted as if the devil was behind me. But how d'ye think I was dished?—C—e me, if the horse was not restive, and set off with me exact the contrary way; nor could I possibly stop him, till I had galloped three miles, and lost my hat into the bargain. So, Sir, the broad and the short is, I got to Canterbury two hours after my appointment, lost all the sport, and had five shillings to add to my ill luck, and that cured me of ever lending my boots again when I wanted them

myself. Now, don't you think I'd enough of it, all in all?"

"It will, at least, prove a caution, no doubt," answered I. "Its lucky for me to-day was not Canterbury races, or I might have gone barefoot, I suppose."

The waiter smiled, and was going to have made some reply; but the tinkling larum called him away, and left me, not exactly splitting my sides with merriment, but enjoying a laugh at the expence of his agitated muscles, during the recital of his perplexities.

SIXPENCE-WORTH OF CLAWS.

After having adorned myself in the best way I possibly could, away I walked, with the *punctuality* of a Count Bingo, to the appointed dinner of my friend, Mrs. Bustle; but, in order that I might not make a mistake, I stepped into the pastry-cook's to enquire the residence of Mrs. Fleece'um, having forgot the number of the door, the hostess's name only having impressed my memory; but seeing the mistress of the shop speaking with a customer, I did not venture to disturb business, particularly as she seemed puzzled to define the wants of her customer.

"I don't know what you mean, child," exclaimed she, to a dirty drudge, who repeated, as how mistress had *sont she* for to *ax* for *sixpence-worth* of *claws*.

"I tell you, I never heard of such things.—What d'ye want them for?"

"For tea," answered the grubby girl.

"For supper, more likely," retorted the pastry-woman, "to stew for broth; I presume you mean chickens' claws—I suppose you'll get them at the poulterers."

"Lauk, why mistress sent *I* here, and *sed um wos* for tea."

"Well, I know nothing about your mistress, nor her *claws* neither, so don't bother me; do bundle off to the poulterers—that's the place."

Away

Away brushed smudgy, and having received my direction, which I found to be within a stone's cast, I thanked the woman, and in one moment set such a touch at the rapper, as I thought tended to announce the arrival of a respectable guest; but, alas! the storming of Seringapatam could not more have deranged the citadel, than I had affected the nervous system of Mrs. Bustle, whom I found, gasping for breath, at the top of the stairs.

"My good Sir," stuttered she, "Why—why—why did you give such a *thunder-clap?* Lord you've *throwed* me into such a *sitivation* in my bowels, I *trimbles* like a *rasping*; you don't consider, we've nothing but a bell at home—rappers don't suit our *eend* of the town; why both the *drums* of my ears would be cracked if I was to live in the *vestern*

hemmerspear; and so, if ever I'm a woman of fashion, I'm determined to have a *goulden* bell at my door, instead of a thunderation *split-skull.* Bless me, I'm as *sticky* with *presperation*—I'm all of a *clam,* as it were, only with that *extropolous* rap of your's. But, come, follow me into this here *tiny* drawing-room, for dinner i'n't quite ready—my girl's gone of an *errant*; and I wish I was behind with my toasting-fork, I'd make her caper a little faster, I warrant me."

She now threw open the door of a small parlour, and introduced me to Mr. and the Miss Bustles, two Amazonian girls, with their greasy black locks, cropped in a bunch of friz, at the top of heads that vied in circumference with a *Swedish turnip, stuck,* not moulded, between a pair of brawny shoulders, moving with automaton mechanism, *sans* sense or reason. The

The misses primmed with simple grin; Mr. Bustle gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and just as we were comfortably seated, the door opened, and in bounced the poor red-faced drudge, with the six-pence-worth of *claws* spread out on an earthen plate.

"Here they be, *Marm*," cried she: "the pastry-cook woman hadn't got *no claws*, so I *rund* and *axed* the poultry-man, and he *sed*, says he, and he made *I* laugh; so, says he, 'Yes, yes,' says he, 'Ise got claws enough for all the long-tailed gentry in the *hot place*.'

During this harangue, Mrs. Bustle sat motionless as a statue, gazing on the chickens' claws; till, at length, jumping up—"Nanny," exclaimed she, "you *imperunt* hussy, I'm stagnated at your *brutalness!* for God's sake, are you mad,

to bring me such things as these? Get out the room, you nasty slut; if it was not for dirting my hands again, I'd smack them all in your face."

So saying, Mrs. Bustle dashed the plate into the entry, and the girl burst into tears, from terror of her mistress's fury, till I ventured to appease the tempest, by informing the good lady what had passed at the pastry-cook's, assuring her it was not the girl's fault.

"'Drot such calves' heads," resumed Mrs. Bustle; "I'd sooner be cheated by fifty knaves, than one fool; to be sure, I was always a quick one *myself*, and that makes me, mayhap, think *worser* of heads not so sharp as *my own*. Lauk-a-daisy, why, at *Lunnun*, I've sent for hundreds of *claws*;* little platted things with

* Colaws, a certain description of biscuit-bread.

picked

picked ends, like a weaver's shuttle; a sort of a biscuit-cake for tea—that's what I meant, but this beastly carrion is only fit for the poor blind cat's dinner."

"Why, what do you send the girl of such *outlandish errants* for?" asked Mr. Bustle. "If so be *nobody never* heard of *no* such thing *no* where, how the d—l was she to get them? Poor thing, she did the *nearest* she could—*claws is claws* all the world over; I should have brought just the same, if you'd sent me."

"Then you'd have been a greater ass and a fool than she is.—Don't expose yourself for a sap-skull," answered Mrs. Bustle. "Howsever," continued she, "don't let such nonsense spoil our appetites; nothing never discomposes me when I have my friends about me; come, let's be merry, and enjoy our dinner,

for a finer goose never waddled; its *hen-trills* were lined with fat—I *s'pose* I took out half a pound of real solid grease—scalded all the skin off my poor fingers with cleaning the giblets for a nice pie, too. Lauk, I've been as busy as Punch; never had no time to *wash* myself, nor take my *night-cap off*, till just now, for my young *mistresses*, as I call *um*, have been all the morning a dizening themselves, and ambering and frizzling their *Grecium brutes*, as they call 'em. Oh, when I was a girl——"

"Marm, dinner's ready,"—interrupted Nanny.

"Thank God!" replied Mrs. Bustle; "for I've got an appetite like a *wultur;* so follow me into the *saul* of *dinay*, as the French people says."

Miss

Miss Bustle raised an insolent titter at the expence of her learned mamma, and we followed in train, to the portentous table.

HOW TO CARVE A GOOSE.

"Now for it," cried Mr. Bustle, whetting his knife, in readiness for the anticipated dissection of the *bon-bouche* which in a few moments made its entrée, more like a *porcupine* than a goose, from the abundance of stumps wherewith it was bristled; and to add to the protuberance, the seasoning raised its speckled projection in the *breast* instead of the *body;* so that it might be justly stiled a caricatured goose, porcupined and turkeyised.

Mrs. Bustle's grey eye first detected this mistake; and she, in consequence, loaded

loaded the poor cook with a second volley of invectives, although the more placid temper of her quiet husband remained unruffled.

"What *argufies*," said he, "which end its stuffed at? One place is as good as another, it keeps the merry-thought the *mellower*. Now, to my thinking, and what should any of us be without seasoning? Why, the sage and *ingon* to *that there guce*, is like spirits to a man; it don't matter whether its fixed in his head or his heels, so long as he has his proper quantity somewhere or another; besides, the *creature* looks more fashionable, more like somewhat—I shan't say what—because you're so *dilikit*, my dear."

"Lord! hold your balderdash, for God's sake," replied Mrs. Bustle, rising from her chair to limb what was unlimbable,

able, for all her dextrous exertion profited nothing, and she bent her fork, too, double.

The goose was now resigned to Mr. Bustle, who also laboured in vain.

"I can't hit never a joint," said he "Its my opinion, it was hatched without any.—Rot it, its like iron—you'd better fetch the chopper, and give the bones a scrunch.—This comes of your watering-place poultry; cuts up as tuff as a *lawyer's cat* fed upon *parchment.*"

"Its well we're alone, my dear," answered Mrs. Bustle, "that's only having our friend here, and he'll excuse it, I'm sure. Come, send it up to me, I never was conquered by no *guce* yet, and its hard if I am by a Margate one; and so, good folks, *sang scrosmoney*, I shall attack

tack this *kreter* as *Sanker Panker* did the *win-mills.*"

So saying, she seized the legs of the goose in each hand, and giving one elaborate twist, wrenched off a pair of waddlers, that had supported the plumy grandsire of half a dozen generations.

No custom-house officer ever made a more dead seizure than the determined Mrs. Bustle.—Never shall I forget the scene of action, who, after being splashed all over with gravy and seasoning—greased up to her elbows—and distorting her empurpled face into fifty grotesque forms, at length laid down the mutilated carcass, declaring, she could not attempt to take off the *horns* of the goose, and so her husband must look to that part himself.

"*Horns?*" reiterated I. "Well, I profess

profess myself a novice in the carving line, if the theory consists in the knowledge of finding horns on the head of a goose."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Bustle, laughing, "that's a good one. Lauk, did you never know my eldest *darter* made that saying when she was only three years old.—'Do, *Mar*, give me the *horns* to suck,' she used to say; and what should they be but the merry-thought bone; its bent, you know, just like a pair of horns, sure enough."

"So that's the definition?" said I. "Children have odd ideas, to be sure, and often not inapplicable. 'Tis wonderful, the interesting yet unanswerable questions their youthful fancy will start, particularly on moral and religious subjects."

"Well, well, don't let's talk about children,"

children," said Mr. Bustle, "lets wash down these *owld* tough limbs, with 'Church and King,' and 'Lord Nelson,' and the 'Wooden Walls,' and let's be funny; let's have *summut*, as I say, for our money, for, by Jingo, all my guineas have got *vings*, I *werily* believe. This here place is just like fairy land; all the money dances out of one's pocket, like bewitched, and turns into all manner of things. It was a devilish bad turn, though, to turn my good seven-shilling-piece into a d——d tough old goose; there's ne'er a harlequin in England could have done better than our dishing sort of a poulterer did my wife out of her money; howsever, its cured me for a *Margate guce.*"

"A Margate gander, you mean," replied Mrs. Bustle. "Come, goslings," addressing the simpering misses, "drink your wine—drink the gentleman's health, and

and talk a little French to him.—He's a man of parts, as well as yourselves. Talk to him a bit—*ax* him how he likes *Lunnun*, and *Sin-Paul's*, and the *Monnemint*, and the *lepers* and *tygreshes*, all worked in *vusted*, at Miss Thingumbob's—speak it all in the *parley-woo* stile, and let him see we ha'n't spared nothing upon your *complishment*."

In the most execrable jargon did the young ladies obey the injunctions of mamma, presuming, no doubt, a volley of encomium would flow from my lip; but finding me as blunt and churlish as Dr. Johnson, they soon relieved me from the oppression of supporting such agonizing conversation, by abruptly changing the language.

"Aye, that's right," exclaims papa, quaffing plentiful libations of brandy and water,

water, to oppose the *resurrection* of the goose; "I hates your outlandish lingo. I was *nine* years boring over *Lattin*, and I could never make nothing of it. *Larn* them to speak proper English—make them speak *jography*, and that there fine study there, what d'ye call it, about *yarbs* and *zotix*. Lauk, spousy, talking of that, what fine *Chaney oysters* I see to-day, the largest as ever was."

"La! *Par*, they could not be worth a rush, this hot weather.—Where did you see them?"

"Why, at the green-grocer's, to be sure, stuck in a pot."

"I'll bet a guinea, that pot was a salmon-kit," replied Mrs. Bustle. "Ugh! oysters in July, indeed?"

"Why,

"Why, the woman's mad! I did not say nothing about oysters—I was talking about flowers, my favourite *plarnts*, as our neighbour brings me from his *willa*. Don't you know what a *Chaney oyster* is?"

"Assuredly," said I; "but their original definition is, I believe, *China-Astar*."

Aye, aye, your right; its all one," resumed Mr. Bustle. "Oh! that there *Bottomy* is a fine thing—*srubs* and *never-greens* are my delight."

Alas! reader, art thou satisfied? Need I intrude this idiotic family any farther? If *thou* knowest no object the cap will fit, *I* could find several, without stretching a romantic point. Yet, in a higher class, I will briefly prove, that the virtues soar not always proportionate to the rank they bear—

bear—a pigmy may be capable of a greater action than a giant; and though the phrase may be deemed metaphorical, 'tis literally fact.

THE SAILOR'S SIXPENCE.

FROM the goose party (where I had half stifled myself over a *two-penny* rubber in the *dog-days*, stewed in a nine-foot square drawing-room, in which a Tom-cat's brains would have been dashed out, at the end of a half-yard string) I popped into the library, where, to my most glorious satisfaction, I beheld many subscriptions in proportion to the liberality and ability of the benevolent donor.

Here, seated in apparent rumination over a new publication, I had a fair opportunity of making many useful observations.

The

The quizzing glass of a certain peer first applied itself to the contribution-board.

"Hey! what! Crazy Jessy!—How's this? Hey! what sort of a maniac? Any old tabby gone mad, hey, mister? Pop her into Bedlam, that's the best place. If it had been a fine young girl, crazed in her wits, indeed, its quite a different thing; then she might have been worth attention."

"She is perfectly so, your Grace, young, beautiful as an angel; and what will probably more interest the feeling your Grace so eminently possesses, *love* is alone the source of her mental derangement."

"How—love, say you? Ah! young, beautiful—hey! Why, these are strong temptations on the claims of benevolence; though,

though, by Heavens, a pretty woman in distress bears a universal pass-port with *me.*—Come, here's five guineas.—Poor Jessy!—A pretty romantic name, that." Then turning to Lady Barbara Amazonia, "Charming Bab," said he, "won't you be charitable this evening, to a sweet love-lorn cottager?"

"Not I, indeed," replied her Ladyship; "I have no loose cash to *fool* away. Love and madness is a pretty fictitious story; I have no opinion of such chimerical brains; they could never have been worth saving, if the power of love could so easily derange them.—Poor, simple wretch.—So, I suppose, she picks straws, and weaves her Lubin's name in worsted, ha! ha!—*truly comical.*—A pretty Canterbury tale. Bless me! I had almost forgot my otto of roses—let me have two drops in this pearl case."

The

The order was obeyed—the case was returned—and Lady Bab chucked down her guinea for the precious bargain, although she had no *loose cash* to *fool away* as a tribute of *compassion*.

What an involuntary sigh escaped me, as she passed by, with confident gaze and sneering audacity, while a young widow, with the modest dignity of an angel, enquired, in the softest plaintive accent, "Who this poor maniac was?"

"A cottager, Madam, possessing the virtues of an angel, under the garb of poverty; the loss of her lover, who was a faithful sailor———"

"No more! Heavens! no more!" exclaimed the beauteous widow. "If my mite can relieve a fellow sufferer," and she laid her delicate hand on the con-

trasting sable crape that shaded her bosom, "accept it, with the united prayer of restoration for that peace, which an excess of sensibility can alone be capable of producing."

Oh! what a tear sprang from that heart so exquisitely attuned to pity—I saw it fall—I saw it glisten on the crape. Ah! I could have idolized it—blessed contrast, adorning the human heart with an unsullied gem.

Thus had I counted six guineas subscription in the course of twenty minutes, and had felt six times as many pangs of delight from such unexpected success; when a solitary sixpence, dropt from the rough hard finger of an English sailor, (who had called in to purchase a silver thimble for Poll) claimed pre-eminence of the whole golden tribute.

"What!

"What!" exclaimed he, as he listened to the tale; "what turned mad from being *true-hearted*, and that to a sailor? Smite my timbers, if such a vessel ought to founder! Poor soul, her main-stay was too light to weather the storm, I suppose; and, as the gentleman tells us, what with having but a shattered *rigging* and no *ballast*, the winds handled her too roughly, and cracked her top-mast. Lord, what a lubber that thought makes of me; sets my brimming eye-pumps at work, some how, just as *thof* I was parting from Poll. Rot ye, get out!" continued he, dashing off a tear on the cuff of his jacket; "you don't ought to souse a sailor's glims, 'cause as how he has enough of salt-water; but so long as he never disgraces his element, it will never disgrace him. Well, God send the little shipwrecked frigate afloat once more; for if the *Governor, aloft*, heeds the hearty,

blunt prayer of a sailor, she'll tack about yet, and make port with the best of them, for all she lost her anchor in a hard gale."

"Bravo, my fine fellow!" exclaimed I, involuntarily; "Heaven grant the wishes of thy worthy heart may prevail!"

"Huzza!" replied the tar, waving his hat over his head as he brushed through the library, leaving that trait of virtue behind him that will ever consecrate his remembrance in my bosom.

"If that noisy, vulgar, sailor-fellow is gone," said a Bond-street lounger, "set me down for a crown."

Jack, who still loitered on the step, distinctly hearing his character called in question, popped in his head, while he clung

clung to the door-post, as he would to the main-mast:

"Set you down for a *crown!*—Lord love your honour, its the heaviest burthen a man can bear; there is not a man in a million could carry the weight of one so well as our King—God prosper him! Because, why? he's made of staunch stuff—a good heart, and a clear conscience;—and that there sort of ballast won't let a man sink, if even the d—l sat upon his back. No, no, master, no crown for you, depend upon it, in *this world*, whatever you may get in the *next*."

The fribble shook his wanghee at the sailor, telling him he was an impudent rascal; and if he did not go about his business, he would have him taken up as a nuisance.

Jack burst into a loud laugh.

"If your honour *takes me up*, d'ye see, you'll let yourself *down;* and as to your wanghee, Jack Lash'em has felt the smart of too many cannon balls, to fear the sting of a musquito, so that's all a hum and a buz, d'ye see. No, no, I'll fight *for* you, with all my heart—but may I never taste grog if I disgrace my jacket by fighting *with* you, and so, your servant."

The lounger, unable to stand Jack's rhetoric, glided away, to make room for other charitable enquirers, as the sailor's loud harangue had excited much curiosity in regard to the origin of the subject, till, "Have you subscribed to crazy Jessy?" became the watch-word of the evening.

"Lord,

"Lord, are you in the *mad* subscription?" asked the *chere amié* of a certain dasher, addressing herself to the Marquis of *Squander*, as she trained her silver lawn across the library.

"No, 'faith, Belle, I'm not quite mad enough yet, to be dished by a spiritless hoax."

"Pooh! pooh!" whispered she, with languishing leer, "I shall throw in my guinea to support my own consequence and *character;* and if you do the same, you need only make an extra bet on your next favourite sporter, at Newmarket. Come, come, appearance is every thing in our line."

Away flirted the silver train to the crouded counter.

"Set down Lord *Squander*'s name in this mad subscription, and take another guinea for mine."

"In the *same name?*" enquired the master of the shop.

The lady paused—hesitated—hemmed—and, for once, the question puzzled and confounded her.

"Shall I add both subscriptions in the name of *Squander*, Madam?" repeated he.

"Yes, yes," replied she; "as its a joint concern, that name will do as well as any other."

"Aye, aye, perfectly so," answered the Marquis, and off brushed this pair of licentiates.

"Well,

"Well, charity covereth a multitude of sins, to be sure," said a little pious virgin, passed the age of temptation; "but, in my opinion, its a mighty thin covering for bare-faced deeds."

"Nothing can be too *thin* to be *fashionable*, and charity's garb is, in general, never superfluous," said a dry old quiz.

"Decency's a beggar," retorted she, searching to the bottom of her long pocket for a bright half guinea; "there's my mite. I pity the girl's malady, but the cause is really disgusting to my ear."

"Keep thy extorted boon, insensate heart," thought I; "Jessy's thankful tear would freeze upon the marble breast, that ne'er was warm'd by pity's genial glow."

The clock now struck ten; the company were grumbling over the raffle-table, in the high bustle of departure; and now well satisfied with the success of my eccentric fancy, I wove knee and elbow in unison with the motley, discontented group, till I passed the door, and crossed over to the hotel, where my rumination over my glass of port soon convinced me, that to know the world, you must mix with every class of society; and that it affords as useful a lesson to peep into the slang bagnio-cellar of St. Giles's, as the refined court of St. James's.

"To which or what coalition of human virtues is Jessy indebted?" said I, leaning back in my chair with folded arms. "What urged the tribute of the peer? — Libertinism. What instigated the widow's mite? — Heaven-born compassion, for she had learnt to suffer. And what

what seduced the sailor's hard-earned *sixpence?*—Generosity and true benevolence. What drew forth the lounger's idle crown?—Alas! 'twas the tribute of vanity at the shrine of fashion. While the old maid's hoarded half guinea dropped from her reluctant finger, to mitigate a multitude of sins, sacred to the hapless victim of a passion, to which she ever was, and will be, a stranger."

Morality, adieu; I shall probably dream of thee; but when the films of sleep shall vanish with thy haunting shade, I'll endeavour to recollect and practise thy instruction.

THE LUCKY GIRL.

"SIR," said the waiter, as he brought in my breakfast, "a'n't you going down on the sands to see the sport this morning? For there's a jingling match—a pig-race—grinning through a collar—running for a gown—and a famous donkey-match, at which much diversion is expected."

"I go, then," said I, "not merely as an idle spectator, I trust, but to promote some good purpose that fortune or fate may throw in my way."

So off I set with Trudge, who frisked in

in high glee before me to the top of the cliff, where I found several scattered groups of company already assembled, and a prodigious concourse on the sands.

Here, inhaling the salubrious breezes that rocked the delicate blue-bell, and clustering wild blossom, on the fertilized crags of the cliff, I took my seat on the fantastic root of an oak, that had once reared its proud head, as monarch of the chalky summit.

'Twas here the rosy peasant-girl stepped nimbly up the steep, with her giggling companion, and squatted themselves on the turf.

Their tongues ran merrily, while thus argued the peasant with her companion:

"I wonder who'll win the gown; they say

say its very handsome. I'll lay a farthing, if they'd let me into the race, I should win, I can run so monstrous fast."

"Aye," whispered the other, "but then you must strip off your gown."

"And what of that?" replied the innocent peasant; "though my boddice and petticoat are homely, they are not dirty, ragged, or disgraceful."

"Try thy skill, then, my girl, by all means," said I; "I'll go to the person who manages the business, and beg him to let you run."

"Thank you, kindly, Sir," said she, "and my friend shall run too, if she likes it."

"No,

"No, no," whispered the other, "my stays are so *ragged*, and I've got such a *hole* in my *stocking*—I can't."

Away I tripped with the peasant, and we arrived on the spot just in time for starting.

The signal was given, and off set the competitors, six in number; but how shall I ease your anxiety, when I pronounce the race to have been won by my peasant-girl, who exultingly brought the rich chintz-flowered prize in high glee to her friend.

"Ah, see," said I, "what is the reward of industry; had this girl not mended her stockings, and repaired her linen, she'd not been in a state to have run the race; whereas she is now amply compensated for her notability."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, Sir, it will teach me a lesson," replied the abashed girl, the starting tear of vexation glistening in her eye; "Phœbe's gown will always bring me a reproach, because I'm as swift at running as she is, only——"

"Hush!" said I, "never mention such a disgraceful thing."

"I'm sure, I thank your honour kindly and *dutifully*," said Phœbe, "for speaking to the gentleman to let me run.—Dickens, how mother will stare—and be so pleased!"

So, making me half a dozen courtseys, away the girls set off home with the prize.

"Proffered advice is seldom acceptable," said I to myself; "but it has, in one instance, to-day, proved serviceable."

Ah!

Ah! how humanity would shudder, on the contemplation of the mutilated, bleeding pig, that became the prize of a savage wretch who had dislocated half its limbs, and was bearing it away on his back with a ghastly and triumphant grin, amidst the shouts of an unfeeling assemblage of beings, whose idle revelry was a disgrace to the character of man! Yet, such are the allurements of *fashionable folly*, that the equipage of her Grace glided with the most eager velocity after the lashing competitors of the donkey-race; while the brilliant optic of a certain celebrated woman of fashion, was levelled at the grimaced features of an itinerant clown, grinning through a horse-collar. How, at that moment, could I have penned a *pig elegy*, and an ode on folly!

"And what good didst thou do?" says the lip of scrutiny.

Not

Not much; my humble persuasion gained the peasant's gown; my entreaty put an earlier period to the pig's misery, by advising the man to kill it immediately, that, after affording him sport and profit, the prolongation of its agony might not, on reflection, afflict his conscience with an extra pang of remorse; and thus gratified, left I the scene of bustle, for a ramble to the drapers' almshouses, to make purchase of a pin-cushion and a pair of garters for old Susan.

THE GRANNY-GREY.

HERE, at the hospitable door of benevolence, sat an aged woman on the bench; a ray of peace gilded her wrinkled features, and the blanched hairs, that peeped from her neat cleanly hood, rendered her an interesting figure; a polished oak-stick rested her palsied, sinewy hand, and shrivelled arm; the other was wrapped in flannel, as a rheumatic limb; by her side stood a basket of trifles of ingenuity and industry, made by the pensioners, for sale.

As I approached her venerable form she bowed her head, with that interesting complacency

complacency that inspires a wish to render one's self an object of attention, and the garrulity of age is so proverbial, that I doubted not a single question would produce every desired effect.

"You appear an invalid," said I, sitting down on an opposite bench, and pointing to her swathed arm.

"Aye, lack-a-daisy! I be crippled with the *rheumatiz* sadly, now-a-days; but I don't get younger, master, that's the worst on't, for I be fourscore and one come Lammas, so my best days be gone by. God help me now, I'm good for nothing hardly, only gently, toddling about to the gate, and selling a trifle. The time was, when I lived in one of the wealthiest and best of families for fourteen years, and nursed as fine a boy as ever the sun shone on, blessings on his heart;

heart: I warrant, and he be alive, he's one of the best men in the world. Lord! how he hung over me when I was fool enough to marry and leave him, though he a was a big lad then, a goodish tall school-boy. Oh! I could have died for that lad; and I wouldn't, now, begrudge to lay abed with the *rheumatiz*, bad as it is, for three months, if I could see him once more before I die. But, lack-a-daisy! mayhap he may have been married these twenty years, and wouldn't now look at or pity poor old Gatty."

"What! Gertrude Lamborn?" said I, eagerly.

"Aye, verily, master; though now I be widow Grey, and our folks do call me *Granny-Grey*. But pray, how knew you Gatty Lamborn?"

"'Twas

"'Twas she," said I, gazing earnestly on the features age had impaired, in whose traces I, indeed, recognized *my* tender *nurse*.—"'Twas she," continued I, "who watched my cradle—soothed my infant plaints—and tenderly caressing *me*, demands *my* gratitude in return."

Granny-Grey's staff fell from her unnerved hand; her purple lip quivered with speechless effort; and her trembling frame seemed to need support. As I hastily rose from my seat, to pick up her stick, and catch her feeble, outstretched hand, she faintly articulated a blessing; and growing in a few minutes more composed, expressed the highest delight in thus meeting me.

"I have known a power of troubles, your honour," said she, sighing; "a bad husband, and three undutiful children, almost

almost broke my heart. But God raised me up a good friend, who knew me in better times; and 'twas he placed me here, when I was widowed and distressed, without a home to shelter me. I have, perhaps, one son alive in India, but how he has prospered, God knows; its a long lane that has no turning, to be sure, though his ways were always crooked enough, for he used to swear and drink, and fear neither God nor devil; and so what could one expect would be the end of such wickedness? Oh! I've cried *pails-full* of tears over him; and now my only comfort is to forget that I ever was a mother. Well, lack-a-daisy! and how be all the good family? *Kindly well* and hearty, I hope, if old Sir and Madam be living."

"Alas! Gatty," replied I, "they have long since slept under the turf."

"And

"And has your honour got never a good wife, nor no little generation?"

"No, Gatty, not yet; what I *may* have, remains with fate to decide. Yet I am no cynic, no, nor an old bachelor, who, because he could not get a *rich, beautiful, sensible, young* wife, despised the wole sex, and vainly imagined no others worth having—no, Gatty, these were not my motives, indeed. A congenial soul is all I seek, and a heart that will beat in unison with mine, can alone tempt me to ask it to wear my chains, and become my captive. But art thou comfortable and happy, my good Granny-Grey? Can I tender thee any service? Command it only, and thou shalt be gratified."

"No, thanks and bless your bountiful honour's heart, we all enjoy plenty of peace

peace and comfort in this good dwelling; save one's sorrows, you know; and them nobody can take away while one's got senses to *think*, and a heart to *feel*."

"Then you have no wish in my power to render you?"

"Alack! yes, *one*.—Would your honour condescend to wear a pair of garters of my own knitting? Oh! if you would, I'd get my pins, and begin them this blessed day; ah! and mark your honour's name in them, too."

"If such a trifle will give you pleasure, Gatty, by all means set about them, and let them be as handsome as possible, even in silk, if you can do it; but mind, you shall work on them the name of Granny-

Grey, and your age, and I will bear all expences."

"They shall be finished in a week, your honour."

"And you shall tie them on, depend upon it."

Granny-Grey attempted to smile, but her aged features did not seem cordially to relax; so having made purchase of a huswife, pincushion, garters, and stay-laces, for Susan, I took my leave, promising to call at the appointed time for my anticipated curiosities.

Poor, old nurse!—good and faithful guardian of my infant years, shall I desert thee in thine?—Ah! no. My pocket, though not so grateful as my heart, shall

shall offer thee its tribute, ere we part; and when I again visit this spot, if the shadow is fled, I will seek the light turf that flourishes over thy mouldering form, and consecrate, with one heart-sprung tear, the ashes of my faithful Granny-Grey.

THE BLACK MAN.

PASSING home through the pleasant tranquil village of St. Lawrence, who should I reconnoitre but the samphire girl, supported by an old woman, who was apparently leading her tottering form and basket with great emotion and tenderness.

The poor girl's hair hung so dishevelled —her fine eyes looked so dim—and her countenance so pale, I dreaded to ask what was the matter.

"As sure as fate," said I to myself, "her sweetheart's dead." So gently taking her

her hand, "Susan," said I, "what ails you? Don't you remember me?"

She raised her languid eyes—thanked me in gentle accent—and said, she had only been frightened, which had caused her to swoon; but she was recovered, and going home with her neighbour, whom she had luckily met.

"Aye, she has had a fright, indeed," answered the old woman, "for she thought she see the *devil*, poor girl, at a sea-faring gentleman's house, where she was ordered to carry some samphire; and she'd heard so often, when she was a child, about the *black man*, that when the servant opened the door, and grinned his black face, and stared his great white eyes at her, down dropped she, basket and all, screaming out, Spare me, spare me; and so the more the man tried to lift her up,

the more she screamed, and at last *swounded* away; and so, when she came to, then they found out what was the matter, for she never *seed* a black man before in all her born days."

"Foolish Susan," said I, "thus to alarm yourself. Know you not, that every man carries his devil about him? For he is only an accusing spirit, called conscience, that conjures up horrid phantoms, to appal the guilty soul; no more substantial devil than that will ever stand before any human creature; for when the murderer talks of haunting spirits crowding round his pillow, the eye of innocence discerns them not. Shake off, weak girl, these idle prepossessions, a heart of purity and virtue has no cause for fear."

"Does not your honour believe there's a wicked man, then?"

"Thousands,

"Thousands, Susan; thousands daily stalk the earth, but they do not appear black, that is the colour of their *hearts* only."

"Then hearts be like *cherries*, I suppose," said Susan, innocently, "and yet the black be as good as the red, too?"

I could not forbear smiling at her simile. "True," said I, "they are palatable and seducing, but do they not leave a stain behind them. Thus does the man of black heart, like the cherry, contaminate every associate. Shun, then, such black men as these, but not the skin-tinged Ethiop: the purity of whose heart may be unsullied as the new fallen snow. Is the diamond less valuable because it is shielded in a *black case?* Ah! no, Susan, 'tis, if possible, far more estimable, because its brilliance is excelled by the contrast."

"Lord, Sir!" exclaimed the old woman, who with open mouth had swallowed every word I had said, "what a fine good sort of a parson you would make, surely! Well, I always hated black *negers* till now; but you've so opened my eyes, that I shall never despise them no more; nor Suzy, neither, won't be *afeard*, now, shall you, girl?"

"No, never again," replied she; "and now, I'll go to-morrow, and beg the black man's pardon, for he must be very angry with me, I'm sure."

Pleased with the girl's determination, from the effect of my reasoning, and doubly so, that I had rooted such a prejudicial weed from an uncultivated soil, I bent my step homeward, perfectly satisfied with my morning adventures.

THE FAMILY SQUABBLE.

SCARCE had I ordered my dinner, when in popped Tambourina, to inform me the manager had promised she should make her debut the next evening; in consequence of which, she had brought the bill, to shew me her grand new title, announced as Signora Malvina, and to know if I would honour her with my company, or could recommend the manager any sale of tickets.

The Bustle family immediately struck me, as likely to take some; and promising Malvina to exert every possible interest in her favour, I marched off to my friends.

Mrs. Bustle was reclining in an arm-chair, her dormant spouse snoring *double-bass*, and the young ladies weaving nets, probably with hopes of catching something better than a gudgeon; when I made my entrée, and briefly as possible repeated the interest I took in favour of the poor Savoyard; hoping, if they were disengaged, they'd favour me by taking tickets, out of charity.

"And what's the play?" asked Mrs. Bustle.

"The Road to Ruin."

"Oh! delightful.—Do let's go, *Mar*; every body likes that piece," exclaimed Miss Bustle.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Bustle, rouzed by the leap his daughter made at the

the back of his chair, which shook him like the shock of an earthquake. "What, the d——l, is the house coming down?—or is the girl gone mad?"

"Oh! no, *Par*, we only want to see the Road to Ruin, and the beautiful tambourine dancer, to-night."

"Don't tell me of your *Tom-bore* dancing; and as to the *Road to Ruin*, you need be in no hurry, you're all in a straight line to it—so you don't drag me that way, I promise you. Nonsense—stuff—you think of nothing but spending money, no matter how it comes, so long as you can kick your heels over a *rope*, and jingle your *pye-anna fortys*."

"La! *Par*'s as cross as an *old hen*," pouted the angry girl, almost ready to

 cry.

cry. "Then can't you let *Mar* and us go?"

"No, I cannot," answered Mrs. Bustle. Don't you know, child, I've got such a pain in my *lines*, that I'm taking syrup of *mashed-mallards?* and a pretty *sitivation* I might be in, in the middle of a play-house. Besides, I don't want for to see no *Tom-bore* dancing, as your father says; its the *undecentest* sight in the world, to see them there sort of *fig-leaved* creatures, making postures with their naked limbs, nasty *husseys*; its a horrid shame; so I'll save my money, and go some other night; for, I dare 'say, the creatures will have no petticoats on, nothing but a silver gauze *kiver*, over a pair of callico *breeches*."

"Drawers! drawers! *Mar*," said Miss, "you always say breeches."

"Aye,

"Aye, well, they won't *draw* me there to-night, I promise you; it will only put more maggots into your head, and that's needless."

Again I ventured to hint the service it would render Malvina.

"Pooh!" replied Mr. Bustle, "let *Moll-weney* shew her outlandish tricks in her own country, we've *tricking* enough among ourselves, without adding *hern*."

Finding it incompatible to urge the subject, I took my leave, much to the regret of the young ladies, who, it seems, were incompetent to stem the torrent of their parents' prejudice against dancing; so leaving them sullen and pouting with vexatious disappointment, Mrs. Bustle peevishly see-sawing with the effects of the *marsh-mallows*, not essence of *squeezed ducks*,

ducks, as she stiled it, I shook hands with my tweezy friend, whose comfortable snore I had so unluckily disturbed, and wished him good day.

All's wrong, as it happens, said I to myself. Well, 'tis not every man hits the mark; and I have most surely lost my aim, at present. Homer cast his pearl before swine; and like him, when I rouzed my friend Bustle, and represented the jewel I proffered, he, too, was surely a *bore*.

DANDELION FRACAS.

How gloriously refulgent beamed the sun! In what immense clouds flew the dust after the whirling vehicles, bound for the pleasures of Dandelion! All the world were on the wing, jostling, dashing, tangling, swearing, and lashing down the narrow steep hill that leads to this fashionable Elysium.

A complete string of coaches, chariots, curricles, phætons, tandums, whiskies, gigs, tax-carts, &c. reached near half a mile in rotation, and about ten of them were advancing down the hill, when Lady G———'s obstinate coachman persisted in

in lashing on his prancing bays, pre-eminently, up the hill, in opposition to this triumphant procession, though he was repeatedly called to, to stop, and back his horses, it being impossible the cavalcade could attempt it, neither could he pass.

Gee-ho, however, persisted; and Lady G———, too fashionably indolent to attend to the remonstrance given her servant, suffered him, impetuously, to rush into a deep, dry ditch, where the coalescing wheels were in an instant completely wedged.

A loud and violent exclamation succeeded from all parties; and a general stop, succeeded by the screams of Lady G———, and the fair belles in the opposing carriage, created a violent bustle.

What

What was to be done? "Lash the villain, Coachy; lash him, I say," cried *Billy Whipcord*, drawing in his tandum blood-stallions, and peeping through his poppy-string quizzing-glass. "A d——d pretty mess we're in. Egad, if I'd been first, I'd have driven over the devil, if he had opposed me; so here we are to be stuck for an hour, smothered in this infernal dust, and roasted alive."

"'Tis well we've got a quiet horse," exclaimed two vulgar women, stuck in a cartee, by the side of a little man, the express image of a paroquet, whose sharp blue eyes darted vexation across his deep hooked nose, while his high croppled wig, only half concealed by a little rusty hat, with the addition of a new apple-green coat, a scarlet waistcoat, and a pair of brown stockings, with a set of claws

of

rot would wear a scarlet waistcoat in the summer? And who but a journeyman taylor, or a tooth-drawer, would bore a rugged jack-ass to death, with the weight of three such Wapping carcasses, stuck in a rabbit-cart? So, damme, keep quiet, for the women, yonder, are kicking up a devilish cat-squall."

By this time lady G——— was dragged forth from her coach-window, in a screaming fit; and from the window of the opposite carriage peeped the imploring features of a bald-headed man, so corpulent, that to draw him through would have been as impracticable as passing St. Paul's through the eye of a needle, and to relieve him by opening the door was impossible; while through the front glasses shrieked the long Grecian necks of his distressed daughters, one of whom, from the slight texture of her dress adhering so

closely

closely to her limbs, actually squeezed through, and crawling over the coach-box, leaped upon the bank, invoking assistance for her father.

Lady G———, who thought of nobody but herself, with all the inherent pride of her progenitors mantling on her cheek, looked only scornful indignation on the harmless, trembling form that, with modest sylph-like voice, politely hoped she had received no personal injury.

"I did not suppose, Ma'am," replied Lady G———, "that the people would be *vulgar enough* to set out thus early, or I should have taken my airing a different road.—The insufferable canaille of Margate is more horrible every year. Bless me, the pannel of my carriage is defaced, and the fore-wheel is snapped—how unfortunate!" "I fear,"

"I fear," said the young lady, "I have sprained my arm."

"I'm sure," replied Lady G——, "its only very lucky *I* am not hurt. Suppose *my* arm had been broke?"

"Well, Ma'am," replied the piqued fair one, "and if it had, it was *but* an arm, you know, any more than another's."

"Charming lady!" exclaimed the buck: "Will you condescend to accept a seat in my tandum? Your carriage appears crippled; and you will honour me by accepting a conveyance of which you may stand in need."

The lady, politely thanking him, declined the proffered civility, till she could ascertain the situation of her companions.

Now,

Now, by the by, if she had not been a devilish fine girl, Billy would not have offered to sport her in his enviable tandum, for a seat in which, Lady G——— would have given her ears; but she being a *tabby*, and Billy preferring a *kitten*, she stood no chance.

At length the carriages were separated; one had sustained a slight damage in the harness, but Lady G———'s proved so materially injured, that, after backing it to the bottom of the hill, till every carriage had passed and execrated the insolent driver, the *arrogant*, *uncivilized* mistress of it was obliged to pace home in the scorching noon-tide ray, behind her shattered vehicle, and surly, grumbling coachman.

THE BREAKFAST.

"Oh! how delightfully 'tis crowded this morning!" said her Grace Dowager to her lovely daughters, as they seated themselves in a sylvan group, upon the light, waving turf, passing elegant bon mots in the jeu d'esprit of masquerade revelry.

After contemplating this admirable, elegant little party, I turned toward the boxes, whither my attention had been excited by a loud shriek.

"Hip! halloo!" cried Mr. Bustle, through a mouthful of hot roll, the butter of which

which streamed in torrents down his double chin. "I say," continued he, "here we are, *tucking in* some of the right sort; come, we can make room for you, for I've ordered an extra shilling's-worth of *rowls*, they're such cursed *kickshaw tit bits*. Its quite a little *Fox-hall*, so pleasant, if it wasn't for such a plaguey lot of wasps—my girls *is* frighted out of their wits."

"Where's Sterne's negro-wench, to flap them away," thought I, declining his offer, because I would not be seen in such company.

"Hey! what don't you love *rowls* and *corfee?* I shall make my dinner *an um*, though, by the by, I'd sooner have had a relish, at this time of day;—aye, bobs, a nice *red-herring*, and 'a *pint* of *ale*—that's your sort, hey?"

Shocked at his vulgar gluttony, I mingled hastily with the croud, and escaped his illiterate jargon, for the moment, till we might again stumble over each other, *en passant.*

Here the affected, tittering miss, lounged on the arm of the notorious coxcomb — the undaunted *chere amie* sported her *fig-leaf equipage* with her peeraged *dupe* — the gout-crippled *cit exhibited* his *cloth shoe*, as he limped on his gold-headed cane, of ancestorial estimation — the antiquated virgin concealed her dappled locks under the juvenile covert of a flaxen wig—and the old dotard, strutting with the mimic vigour of youth, glanced his lack-lustre eye at the pretty *market-piece* of sweet fifteen—while the petty tradesman emersed from the fatigues of the counter, to treat spousy with a trip, and little Jacky with a dip, sported his *white*

white stockings, leather breeches, and *cocked hat*, to render himself an *object* at Dandelion, and, God knows, he was not the only one.

At length, off struck the merry pipe and tabor, two violins, with a cymbal and triangle, which electrical magic drew a number of *puppets* on the platform.

Heavens! how my colour mantled, on beholding the lovely offspring of her Grace grasped by the uncouth paw of a journeyman hair-dresser, who whirled her round with as little distinction and respect as *Pidcock* would a young bear. What a degradation!—the fellow should not have touched the finger of my old Susan's beaver glove, for half a crown.

But as I stood ruminating on this species of *false condescension*, up flew the

heels of the little *paroquet-man*, who was tipping the knowing one's a *chimney-sweep-caper*, to please his *two-thirds* of a rib, and down came he, swearing it was a shameful business to cram and jostle people in such a manner;-and he believed the d——d boards were soaped on purpose to make fun of the dancing folks.

This bustle created a peal of merriment at his expence.

"Come along, Peggy," cried Roger, "let um snigger an they will, we've got money enough to pay our way any where, with the best an um, guinea for guinea, so never mind. We've twirled round my Lady Duchess's *darters*—we've been in the best of *kumperney*. I like this place—there's no *extinction* here, nothing but *e-quality*, and that's the best sort—no proud airs, you see. *Ye sarvant*, says I to

to my Lady Duchess's young lasses, and, Lord, they nodded and smirked at me, and looked as *pleased;* did you not see how they eyed my *veskut?* Yes, yes, the *gould* border *struck* um; they thought I was somebody of consequence, may-hap, not a moon-shiney sort of a no-body-knows-who; though I did not come in a bit of a *dust*-cart, with one horse stuck *behind t'other's tail,* to make a long pull, with a *rough-stuff strap-jack* at my back—so come along, Peggy."

"Well, stop a minute, Roger—I'm a looking at one of the *blue archering* ladies, *yander,*" replied his fat wife.

"Pooh," cried he, "archering folks always wears green."

"Why, don't you see, now, with your own eyes, Roger, as the lady has got an

archer-shaped cap and feather, and a criss-cross over her shoulder to put her *bo* in? I'm sure I'm right; I'd ax her, for two-pence, for the fun of the thing."

The novelty of a *blue* archer induced me to gratify my curiosity by turning my head also, to observe the figure that had so strongly excited Madam Paroquet's attention.

Shall I, then, also gratify the reader, by informing him, 'twas only a genteel young lady, habited in a muslin robe, confined over the shoulder with a blue ribbon, with a satin helmet of the same colour, ornamented by a plume of elegant white feathers.

The simple elegance of this dress, had, it seems, attracted the Duchess's attention, who was making arduous enquiry who she was, but to as little effect as Madam

dam Paroquet. "I am, however, satisfied she is a gentlewoman by her dancing," said her Grace—"some pupil of Parisot's, probably."

At that moment the blue archeress turned towards me the well-known features of an intimate friend.

"Ah! Selina," said I, "little dost thou suppose thyself the blue deity of Dandelion."

"And why so?" asked Selina, leaning on my arm, in the full gaze of her Grace's quizzing-glass. "What can induce you to christen me so romantically?"

"Because," said I, "that Minerva helmet of your's attracts alike the noble and plebeian gaze—each pass their critique according to prepossession. Her Grace

stiles you the pupil of Parisot; while the *Prince of Paroquets* calls you the *blue archer*; look over your right shoulder, and behold him approach."

Selina fixed her penetrating eye on him. —Roger advanced, doft his beaver, and with profound reverence,

"Lady," said he, "pray may I make so *bowld* as to ax you *summut*, and that is, if you bean't one of the *sercyertee* of *archering* ladies? Because I've laid a *vager*; and so I hope you'll excuse my freedom, my lady, that's all."

"Indeed I am not, friend," replied the smiling Selina.

"Well, I said so," replied Roger; "and now I'm satisfied—so your servant, lady, and thank you kindly for your *decension*." Selina

Selina laughed heartily.

"*He*'s no *archer*, however," said she, as she bid me adieu to join her party.

"So much for Dandelion," said I, ruminating on the variety of characters jostling from this scene of revelry to their respective carriages. How different the pursuits of this motly group! Some come to trip the fantastic toe—some to shew themselves for fashion sake—some to *gorge* their *eighteen-pennyworth* — and some to *criticise*. Such is life—a bubble floating on a troubled sea, subject to the destruction of every way-ward wind—enjoyed for a moment—lost in a twinkling —remembered but as a vision.

CROP.

As back I traced my dusty footsteps, under the scorching radiance of an almost verticular sun, I found myself extremely thirsty, and gazing round me to discover, if possible, any convenient situation to obtain such a comfort, I perceived a sailor-lad, drinking with hearty zest, at the door of a cottage.

"Could I be thus indulged?" asked I, advancing.

"Aye, and welcome, your honour," cried the tar, offering me half his seat, which was no other than a skin-trunk,

with the word "Crop," marked on it in brass nails.

The singularity of its appearance struck my chimerical fancy, and I asked the meaning of the signature.

"Why, your honour," said the tar, "it holds, at this moment, all the *crop* I'm worth in the world. But that's not the story. Zounds, you'd call me a lubber if I was to tell the rights of it, too; but behold.—This poor brown mottled cover, was the skin of my old favourite *mule;* Crop was his name, aye, and a better animal man never crossed; and father, you see, kept him many a good year; but at last comes a peck of losses, and crosses, and father *knocked up.* Lord, how I blubbered ab ut old Crop, beyond every thing; and as I'd no money to buy him, I downed on my bended knees, and begged the landlord would let

me have him; and so, knowing me to be an honest lad, somehow, he made me a present of him; and soon after, to my sorrow, I lent him to a neighbour, who threw him down, and snapped his poor leg. My God! your honour, I'd sooner have snapped my own. How I did rave! and being obliged to put an end to his misery, I bethought me I should never have no luck if I did not make a *keep-sake* of him; so it struck me, your honour, I'd have a trunk made of his poor skin, and clap his name on it, and take it to sea. Oh! its had more drops of salt water on it here ashore than ever it had at sea; but Providence has never sent it home without a *spare* dollar or two for the *old ones.*"

"Poor Crop," said I, "may thou prove as fortunate a talisman to thy master as Whittington's cat; for the man whose sensibility can feel for the *crushed beetle*, must ever

ever be alive to that exalted harmonization of soul that places him on a distinction with angels; and surely him who endowed the virtue will ever ultimately cherish and protect it."

"Good young man," cried I, laying my hand on his, "I look on thee with that degree of pleasure I seldom feel; yes, I venerate thy virtues, and I shall not readily forget them."

"But how does your honour know I have any?" asked he.

"If that trunk could speak," said I, "'twould tell me so; yet, though it cannot, I have learned from its little narrative, convincing proofs that thy sentiments and actions would do honour to the head and heart of thy superiors. Farewell, my honest friend—may some glorious

rious and renowned victory emblazon the valour of a heart that could glow with compassion for a wounded animal, and throb with the exquisite sensations of mercy towards an imploring enemy—brave to its last vital drop, in which the recording angel might dip his pen, to trace the immaculate page of remuneration."

"I never heard such a speech in my life, your honour; and, except you be a *parson*, I can't think how you could make it without a book; though mayhap you may be a lawyer, upon second thoughts, and they be main plenteous in brains, and memory, and *cramp meanings*, you know," said the sailor, as he turned his quid.

"Ah!" replied I, "there are various sorts of cramps, my lad; some dangerous, some

some useful; a *cramped heart* is the most dreadful, next to a *cramped pocket*; but a *cramped tongue* is often very beneficial to its possessor; and if every gossip was afflicted in proportion to the scandal they retail, one *half* of the world would be dumb."

I now rose from my seat to pay for the ale, but the noble tar would not permit me; and entreated I would drink another mug to the prosperity of poor Crop's hulk, as he stiled the trunk.

Once more I thanked him—shook his hand—gazed on the memorial of humanity—gave him my blessing, and most sanguine wishes of success, and left him, I hope, as deeply impressed with the precepts of virtue, as I had proved him capable of evincing.

THE VILLAGE PRECEPTORESS.

A MURMURING noise, like the hum of a swarm of bees, drew my attention towards the lowly roof of a neat clay cottage, where, ranged on two forms, sat the ruddy pupils of education, in all the attitudes of unbiassed nature.

The brown curly pole—the sandy crop—the sun-burnt flaxen straightlet, were all assembled in neat checked pincloth—ragged stuff petticoat—and tattered trowsers.

Squatted on a low rush chair sat the village preceptoress, whose palsied head kept in perpetual motion the blanched ringlets

ringlets that straggled over her wasted cheek; while an ell-long shape, graced by a linsey gown, a blue check handkerchief, and a clean yarn apron, completed her appearance.

In one hand she held a dog's-eared spelling-book; in the other, a little cane; the old favourite cat was perched on her hip, in purring doze, and in the center of the sanded floor stood a punished boy, in a fool's-cap, decorated with a tongue of scarlet cloth.

"Hey day!" said I, as I stood peeping in at this formidable sight, "what's the matter here?"

"Why, Sir, you see a very bad rogue, indeed," replied Goody; "his saucy tongue runs like a fire-bell; do you know, Sir, he has had the impudence to call me an

an old, stinking *polecat*; now, did you ever hear the like? So, I've lathered him well, for all he's the 'Squire's son. Such manners, indeed! Aye, aye, sirrah, don't leer at me, I'll pop you in the coal-hole next time.—Patty Primrose, hold up your head, and put your hands pretty; you'll none of you be as *upright* as me —a'n't I an *object* for all of you? Come here, Dickey Dunder—let the *gemman* hear you spell."

Dickey scratched his crop—scraped his hob-nailed stumper—and waited the word of command.

"Can you spell Constantinople, Dickey?" said I.

"Why, that's a word out of my line, your honour; but Dickey has such a *genus*, nothing, much, never comes amiss. Come, boy, try at it." The

The boy coloured—picked his fingers—and thus obeyed:

"Konn-stann tye-knoo-pill: — *Konnstanntyeknoopill.*"

"There, now, Sir, there's a lad of *letters.* I thought *Dunder* would get through it, *some how.*"

"His genius is more fertile, indeed, than mine," answered I; "the boy would compose an excellent dictionary; I'll be bound he was born a day after the plot."

"Its wonderful how surprizing that little chap has come on since *I* have had him," said the dame; "he *knowed* nothing about spelling when he came to me, and now he's my master at many words. Ah, your honour, *larning's* better

ter than house or land. Dick's father was always a sort of a high-bred man, in our village, for he's a *thatcher*, you must know."

"He earns his bread in a *high* station, certainly," said I, laughing at the old woman's ideas of her respectable scholar, who, she further assured me, was head boy of the form, in point of precedency, age, and ability.

It put me exactly in mind of a celebrated little print, I have often contemplated with a smile, entitled, "The Schoolmistress;" wherein the abler instructress informs her pupil that, "To *milk a bear* is *impossible;* but to *milk a boar**, is all *right* and *proper.*"

So much for a peep at the village aca-

* Milcah bear—Milcah bore. Vide print.

demy,

demy, which certainly, in some respects, has its utility. In the first instance, it preserves from accident the infantine offspring of the labouring poor, during their parents' absence; it also instils that useful principle called subordination; for that tremendous weapon, a school-rod, has more power over its victim than a general at the head of his army.

This rustic seminary, likewise, tends to instil the early precepts of religion; and though the village school-boy drawls out his chapter, his tone is immaterial, in comparison of the intelligence it conveys to his infant mind.

Thus, though Dickey Dunder could make nothing of Constantinople, he could make many a great man blush from the pertinacity of his remarks, and explanation of *religious* passages, which his poor

poor old instructress had pointed out with her polished knitting-needle, a hundred times, and as often rapped his knuckles with her magic cane, to enforce his remembrance of the *wisest*—the *strongest*—the most *patient*—and the man after *God's own heart*, &c. &c. with which questions he could, at the age of seven, puzzle many a wiser head than his own; and if I had not taken the boy out of his proper element by asking him to spell a word he had never heard of, I, too, perhaps, might have edified by his more natural abilities. I, therefore, was to blame, and the least I could do was to correct and inform him the proper connection of letters requisite to compose this *outlandish* word, which I wrote in capitals, and left with the dame as a memorial, that will, I dare say, never be forgotten by Dick.

MARY

MARY THE VIRGIN.

THE shades of evening gently veiled the refulgent tints of glowing crimson, burnished with golden fluid, that formed the magnificent and fantastic scenery of retiring day, when, passing the library, an irregular sound of unconnected music broke upon my ear.

Now, as this said charming science hath also charms to soothe the savage breast, I was determined it should try its effect on mine; so, in I walked, as gently as a lamb, that the creaking of my shoes might not disturb the sylvan strain, but how was I surprized to behold the performer! Imagine

Imagine an uncouth, scraggy, ill-dressed woman, on whose cheek the rose and lily, having withered twenty summers ago, was now liberally supplied by art; imagine her languishing, lack-lustre grey beads, glancing through the roguish shading ringlets of a flaxen wig, while her skeleton fingers were scraggling like claws, a set of the vilest notes that ever clashed.

Five persons and myself, had alone the temerity to brave this storm of sounds, till one, more spirited than the rest, requested to know if the lady would honour the company with a song.

With a simpering grin, that displayed a mutilated row of ebony stumps, this *tender minstrel* condescended to comply; but, oh, ye Gods! no *raven* in an *ague-fit* ever screamed or quivered worse; while her

her see-sawing attitude, and the distended *rope-veins* in her *parchment* throat, rendered her a truly discordant object.

"Such music as this," said I to myself, "can possess but one charm; for, methinks, 'twould alarm even a savage from his prey, who would flee, appalled, from the terrific yell, and thus be made to quit the victim of his vengeance." So, throwing down the book, in no very graceful manner, I fairly leaped from my seat, so angry and disgusted, that I believe the frown on my brow attracted Mr. W's notice.

"What, Sir," cried he, catching my arm as I passed, "are you leaving us before the music ceases?"

"Yes," replied I, "'tis high time, for the rooks are flocking to-bed, methinks,

and their vesper-note is never concordant with my oral organ. But, for Heaven's sake, who is that frightful witch who thus turns harmony to discord?"

"Know you not she goes by the title of 'the Virgin Mary,' from the unbounded purity she professes? She would not so much as suffer a boar-cat to sleep under her roof, and from the puritanical system of her conduct, a certain mischief-loving friend once christened her by the above name; however, the lady declaring his ideas to be truly diabolical, 'Then, henceforward,' cried he, 'thou shalt be called, *Mary* the *Virgin*.' But, alas, report levels the malicious arrow of scandal at Mary's bosom, for the *star* that *travelled* in the east during Mary the Virgin's prime, stood one night over her pillow, and, from its influence, *cradled* not long after the celestial blessing it inspired; and though

though the *wise* men of the east worshipped not the first born of Mary the Virgin, yet, an adoring shepherd protected it in his hovel, where Mary rewarded his fidelity."

"Prophet," cried I, "explain thy parable more clearly, for I comprehend it not."

"Let, then, one short whisper suffice," replied he. "Know, then, the star that travelled in the east, where Mary the Virgin resided, was attached, by fortune, to the side of a nobleman, which, shielding the cavity of the rib nature had robbed him of, he felt little inclination to replace it; but Mary the Virgin inflamed *his* heart; the refulgent star dazzled *her* senses, and its influence betrayed her; in consequence of which, Cupid wept himself blind, and was obliged to rock the

cradled pledge of Mary the Virgin's infamy, till a compassionate shepherd, tempted by a noble bribe, sheltered it in his obscure cottage, where the little constellation soon after twinkled in a brighter region."

"Thanks for the allegory," said I; "how little do we know mankind, and yet the veil of impropriety is thin enough to discover its concealed dangers, if we take the pains to examine minutely. Mistakes in perspective may be excusable, but when we examine the heart with microscopic art, it is our own fault if we do not mark its defects."

"True," said he; "but the present system of piety, adopted by Mary the Virgin, is by her imagined so complete a pelisse, that even the eye of suspicion cannot penetrate it; her hassock at church

church is worn to rags by the constant pressure of her sinful knee, and she is become a perfect annuitant to the bookseller, in the article of bibles. This makes the world smile; who, shaking their heads, exclaim, 'Mary hath, indeed, need of her piety.' Alas! had she laid her bible on her *pillow*, or her *gaming-table*, when the *star* travelled in the east, it might have proved her talisman; whereas, though the very *cork* of her *brandy-bottle* is now wrapped round with the scriptural phrase, 'Drink, this is my blood;' it comforteth not the accusing spirit of *Mary* the *Virgin*."

The musical auditory were now retiring, and the croaking had ceased, while the solitary minstrel was left to pace home in solo.

Ill-fated Mary! nothing but a rankling

ling thorn will ever flourish o'er the fabled marble that conceals thy ashes, till the pinion of time sweeps the stain from the tablet of memory.

THE

THE RUM SPECTRE.

When I got to the hotel, I found but little inclination to eat my supper, and therefore I strolled down on the sands to enjoy the effects of moon-light on the sea.

Now, by the by, I had heard many idle tales related of a certain spectre haunting the shore; and not being superstitiously inclined, I felt a strange inclination for an interview; so, taking Trudge and my hardy oak-stick, off I set to meet the direful goblin.

The moon darted a long train of sil-

ver radiance over the gently rolling wave; the sea-bird swept her dusky wing towards her caverned nest, and nature seemed reposing on the bosom of tranquillity.

Thrice had I paced the solitary shore, but still no aerial glided its terrific form; the bat flitted across me—the straggling crab, driven from its element by the influx wave, scrambled over my foot—but neither of these bore ghostish symptoms.

At length, the gentle dashing of an oa awaked my suspicion; I turned my head, and beneath the deepest shade of the cliff, I soon perceived a boat, in which a tall figure, clad in white, paddled to a certain spot, where it appeared to moor.

Unwilling to frustrate the operations of this

this spectre, I concealed myself in one of the machines, with Trudge, lest he should also disturb it; and from the crevice of the door I could entirely observe its operations.

The clanking of a small chain, and a low hollow groan, were the portentous signals given by the approaching spirit to two dark figures, who crept cautiously towards a certain spot, and, from the gestures of the ghost, evidently received some weighty burthen.

Again the chain rattled—again the spectre groaned—and, gliding into the boat, was out of sight in an instant.

Oh, oh, thought I, this is a spirituous ghost, indeed, but I'll smell it out; so, bolting forward, I crossed the smug-

glers, who, alarmed at my sudden appearance, had the audacity to ask me if I had just seen the ghost gliding under the cliff; declaring they were so frightened they had not courage to move.

"What I saw," answered I, staring at them confidently, as the moon-beam fell on their features, while they were endeavouring to hide a cask beneath their long coats, "what I saw," continued I, "was, I believe, a *rum* ghost; but, come, come, my friends, pluck up your *spirits*."

"Rum!" cried one; "Spirits!" cried the other. "Why, why, what d'ye mean? We be only poor fishers, come to spread our nets yonder; we have no rum, bless you, nor spirits neither; this here little barrel is full of—of—of—herrings—i'n't it, Joe?"

"Oh,

"Oh, yes," answered Joe; "I'll swear it, if the gentleman chooses."

"Then," replied I, "they are just the very thing I want; follow me to the hotel, and if they prove good, on inspection, I'll make a bargain with you;—so, come along, my lads."

"Oh, they be all bespoke, Sir," answered Joe, whose voice began to falter.

"But, if I offer an advanced price, they may be mine, I presume.—Herrings I want, and herrings I must have—so, name your terms, and follow me."

Finding me so resolute a customer, the fellows began to whisper; probably, suspecting me some officer in disguise, to whom they judged it proper to surrender the cask, and acknowledge the fact.

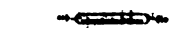
"If your honour won't *peach* us," said Joe, "but let us off without ever saying a syllable, you're heartily welcome to the cask; for, indeed, your honour, its full of sheer, fine *rum*, true enough; though, God knows how you found out what thousands never discovered. In short, the fact is, the ghost you saw is our *comrade*—the *chain* and *groan* is our *signal*—he supplies us by moonlight visits, and we have already cleared a pretty penny—but this discovery is death to our plans;—take, then, the cask, and, before sun-rise, we and the ghost shall be far enough from the molestation of these shores."

Pleased with the smugglers' honest avowal, I rejected the proffered gift—promised eternal silence to their injury, and exhorted them to abandon so desperate a course of life.

They

They civilly thanked me—urged me strongly to bury the events of the night in profound secrecy, that they might escape detection; and, wishing me health and prosperity, in proportion to the execution of my promise, they hurried away to prepare for a midnight departure, and sacredly did I keep my promise; for, to no individual, Margate resident, or visitor, did I ever disclose my discovery of the *rum* spectre.

THE MASSACRED SPARROWS.



The next morning after, having arose very early, and just completed my dress, a whirling noise in the chimney drew my unwary foot to the polished hearth, where I became instantaneously covered with soot, by the rapid descent of two unlucky sparrows; who, fluttering their smutty wings against the white bed-curtains, and hopping over the snowy counterpane, rested their panting forms upon the window-frame.

From these unpleasant intruders' visit I had no resource but the bell, which, from my twitching pretty fiercely, soon brought Kitty the chambermaid.

"See,"

"See," said I, "here's a pretty concern."

"Concern, indeed," retorted Kitty; "but I'll finish it, depend upon it."

Away she darted to the window, and ere I could observe her motion, she twisted off the head of the sparrow, and dashed its convulsed body on the hearth.

"Oh, God!" ejaculated I, fixing my eyes on the bleeding victim of passion, "barbarous woman, what are you about?" But ere the reproof had escaped my lip, its little sooty companion had shared the same fate.

"C——e them," said the enraged girl, "I'd kill a thousand of them if I could find them—a fine mess their nasty claws have made."

"And

"And what have *your*'s done?" asked I, surveying the drops of innocent blood that had stained her fingers.

"Pooh!" answered she, "that's nothing. You're like mistress, who read me a lecture t'other day about killing black-*beadles*, that is to say, *not* killing them, for I *only* popped a shovel-full into the *fire*—rot them, how they did whistle and snap off—it was good fun, for they be the filthiest *varmint* upon earth.—*Lar!* I could stick a pig or a lamb with the best butcher in Christendom."

"Then you are a very dangerous woman," replied I; "and God keep your dextrous hand off me; for the heart so readily fired by passion to inflict the power of vengeance on a harmless creature, would burn to exercise an equal-portion of fury on an offending christian.

—What

—What great harm have those murdered sparrows done you?"

"Why, given me an hour's work, and the trouble of washing out the plaguey marks they have left upon the curtain, and that's harm enough, I think."

"God send, Kitty," replied I, "that you leave behind you no *worse stain;* or if you should, may he that marketh the fall of those sparrows as easily efface the crimsoned blot that will glow on the tablet of your errors. Alas! Kitty, perhaps you don't understand me; suffer me, then, in other terms, to entreat you will rein your temper, by reflecting you have no right to take that life you cannot give; and depend upon it, it is no feather in any *woman*'s cap to profess herself capable of killing any thing—'tis false courage only, for she who wages war with that life, every way

way unequal to revenge her own, ought to be stamped with the name of a cowardly savage. Yet I do not encourage idle timidity; I would not wish to see a woman possess so little command over her nature as to faint at a spider, but I should highly estimate the sensibility of her heart, if I saw her avert an eye of pity from the sacrifice of life, even though it were to supply the exigence of famine."

During this address, Kitty, with glowing cheek, was wiping the gory smear off her fingers, and picking up the sparrows in her apron.

"Ah! hide them," said I, "and for mercy's sake, never kill another."

"I don't know how that may be," answered Kitty, "it depends upon circumstances, according to what damage they do." "Then

"Then do you never forgive injuries?" and I looked stedfastly in her face.

"*Laws!* Sir, d'ye think I never says my prayers?"

"You may *say* them," replied I, "but if you don't feel and profit by them, you had better never repeat them at all; for instance, don't say them to-night, till you have resolved to forgive *trespasses*, as you hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, Sir, for your good advice," said Kitty, whether I take it or no, it can't do me no harm;" and off she brushed for her broom and duster.

I'd give half a crown to witness Kitty's reception of the next chimney visitors. Alas! were I a sparrow, how I should pant and tremble for the consequences of my

my accident, in the merciless grasp of that condemning hand. While I was moralizing, Kitty returned with the apparatus necessary to rectify all damages.

"Who knows, Kitty," said I, speaking in a more softened and pathetic accent, as she sat squatted on the sooty hearth, looking up in my face, "who knows but those poor victims might be telling a love tale, when accident in one moment destroyed their happiness and their lives? Who knows but they were inhabitants of the same nest,—perhaps, parents of some callow brood?"

"More likely two cocks fighting, and tumbled one another down the *chimbley* in a passion," answered Kitty.

"The one was not left to mourn the other, that's one comfort;" rejoined I, admitting

admitting my suggestion to be more plausible than Kitty's.

"*Sparrow-loveyers*, indeed," cried Kitty; "such *nonsical* notions makes me laugh."

"But if you and your sweetheart had been telling a soft tale on some unlucky spot where you had trespassed, and incurred an accident, you would not have liked your necks twisted."

"We should hardly have been making love on the top of a *chimbley*, though," answered Kitty.

"Its no matter where," said I, "a love tale's always interesting, whether its whispered in a coal-pit or a palace, the situation little matters; its all the same subject, beginning and ending in the usual mode."

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!" returned Kitty, "Love's all *treacherousness*—I hates the sight of a *cubit* ever since Andrew growed false-hearted; though, to be sure, I was fool enough to cry three days and three nights about him; but since I got over that bout, I bean't afraid of a second part of the same tune—nothing won't touch my feelings much, now.—No, I shall never love nothing in the *shape* of a *man* as long as I live, again. Lord, I wish any young chap would set another smiling face at me, how I'd lead him the d——l's own dance, with a vengeance."

"Then you'd become a coquette, would you?"

"Aye, that I would, either a *coquette*, or a *paroquet*, I should not care *which* I was, so long as I could but spite the *he-creatures*."

So

So up jumped Kitty, with her sooty paraphernalia, and her little dark eyes darting fire at the idea of some future victorious conquest, as she bustled out of the room, leaving me enjoying a hearty laugh at her expence.

A FASHIONABLE MAN.

"WHOSE curricle is that, waiter?" asked I, descending to my little pug's parlour.

"I really cannot inform you, Sir, the gentleman's name, but I hear he is a tradesman of some note, who don't stand upon trifles.—One of your knowing dashers—up to every thing—cares for no body—makes as free with his character as his fortune—bustles to 'Change, all in a fume—strides home again to his ledger—calculating fractions to a nicety—and, after swallowing his mutton at six, posts off to the new-piece—raises an execrative clamour

clamour—d——ns it completely—can't stand the *bore* of an entertainment, but dashes off to eat his oysters, with the paragonized *enchantress* of his *invulnerable* heart. Oh! what a Joseph Surface behind the transparent screen of fashionable notoriety."

"Who'd be married?" says he.—"Who'd be tied to a wife's apron-string? I've no notion of it.—Give me love, liberty, and *variety*, say I. A man had better be in the stocks, by Jingo, than plagued with a *moralizing* rib. La! my dear, how late you stay out.—Bless me, why will you pursue those destructive card-parties? it makes home quite a desert. Time was, when you preferred *my* company. Where can you have been? Don't ask your drinking-party to-morrow—let's be comfortable alone. Egad, if

my wife was to read me such a catalogue, I should pretty soon *break her in.*"

Thus argues the fashionable son of folly — but mark the ultimate consequences of his conduct.

Despising a virtuous woman, under the idea of submitting to feminine *subordination*, he selects from the walk of public infamy some artful hyena, whom he leads to an obscure lodging, where acting as occasional *cook* or *sempstress*, to gratify the wishes of her noble keeper, he congratulates himself on having done the thing *snugly*, till his own idle boasts betray his folly, and the jeers of his companions induce to add an additional stamp of notoriety to his character, by placing at the head of his table, and supporting on his arm, a being, whose disgraceful presence

presence tends only to depreciate him eternally in the world's eye.

Can the man who boasts of his sensibility so degrade nature and virtue? Alas! how will he be rewarded? Let him but reverse the scene of prosperity, and when the hour of misfortune overtakes him, brought on by his excesses, will the Dulcinea of destruction follow and support him in the cell of cheerless poverty? —Will the voice of affection sooth his sorrows?—Will the hand of friendly assistance be stretched to his relief? Alas! the tear of pity may consecrate his follies, but the pangs of remorse will alone canker his repenting conscience.

What a companion for a *married* man! What an object of terror and abhorrence to a *wife!* How dangerous such example! How destructive to conjugal felicity! And may the man who seduces the

ideas of his virtuous friend to the paths of vice, and thereby plunges the poignard of misery in the bosom of connubial love, may such a human monster pine in the dungeon of obscurity, shunned like a *poisonous weed*, rooted from the earth with every due principle of *abhorrence*.

Moralizing on this man's conduct quite spoiled my breakfast, which I hastily finished, and walked off to the library for a book, where I found Crazy Jessy's subscription wonderfully improving; so sauntering on to a shady part of the Fort, I amused myself two hours in reading, without being interrupted by a single creature; and the sea-breezes having created me an agreeable appetite, I determined being fribble enough to drop into the pastry-cook's shop, and partake some relishing patties, by way of a sandwich.

IGNORANT LOQUACITY.

HERE I indeed found as much to engage the attention as the appetite; for the first persons I fixed my eyes on were two effeminate puppies, perched on a couple of matted stools, the one *sipping* a *jelly*, the other a *baked custard;* while, between each spoonful, they were passing obscene puns on the bold-faced counter attendant.

At another corner stood a corpulent lady, by the side of a little pale-faced simpering man, who was advising her to take an ice-cream.

"Well, I don't care if I do, this here warm morning," answered the lady.

The attendant instantly handed it.

"Lauk! its all in a freezed lump, I declare," cried she, directing a most immoderate spoonful into her gaping mouth, with the intention of setting both jaws to work, when giving a violent shriek, she dropped the glass, which broke in a thousand shivers; and, with a sudden effort, *spit* out the offending mouthful plump on the counter.

Up started the fops, loudly execrating her indelicacy, while she, stamping her feet, raced up and down the shop, unable to utter a syllable from the extreme agony of the sudden chill.

In vain the little man, who had prescribed

scribed the luxurious treat, endeavoured to sooth her distorted features into proper form, but she pushed him from her with such violence, he seemed fearful of making a second attempt.

At length, gaining the use of her cramped tongue, she thus exercised it:—

"'Drot all *hice*-creams, say I. How could you be such an ignorant creature to persuade me to eat such stuff, when you know what a *rheumatiz* I've had in my jaws, and a great hole in my left-sided *tooth* of *wisdom*, all the winter—I'd sooner have clapped the d——'s hoof into my mouth, if I'd have thought it would have *putrified* my palate—I would not have swallowed it for a mint of guineas—Lord, I should have had the *agur* in my bowels in five minutes. I'll tell ye what, my girl, (turning to the shop-woman) that

there sort of stuff ought to be *cried down*. It may be a fashionable way of freezing your quality folks to death, but I'd sooner be burnt up alive in a brandy cag. Come, make me amends, somehow, do, child, if you sells any sort of cordials—a little cherry-bounce, or raspberry, or the like of that will do."

"We never sell any such thing, Ma'am," replied the shop-woman, with a pert sneer, and a toss of her head.

"Then I'll go to some public-house, I protest," answered she, "for *summut* I must have to *wrench* my jaws, for I can hardly *talk at all.*"

"That's a good joke, by my soul," exclaimed the lad of custard, throwing down his money, and bursting into a horse laugh, as he turned on his heel.

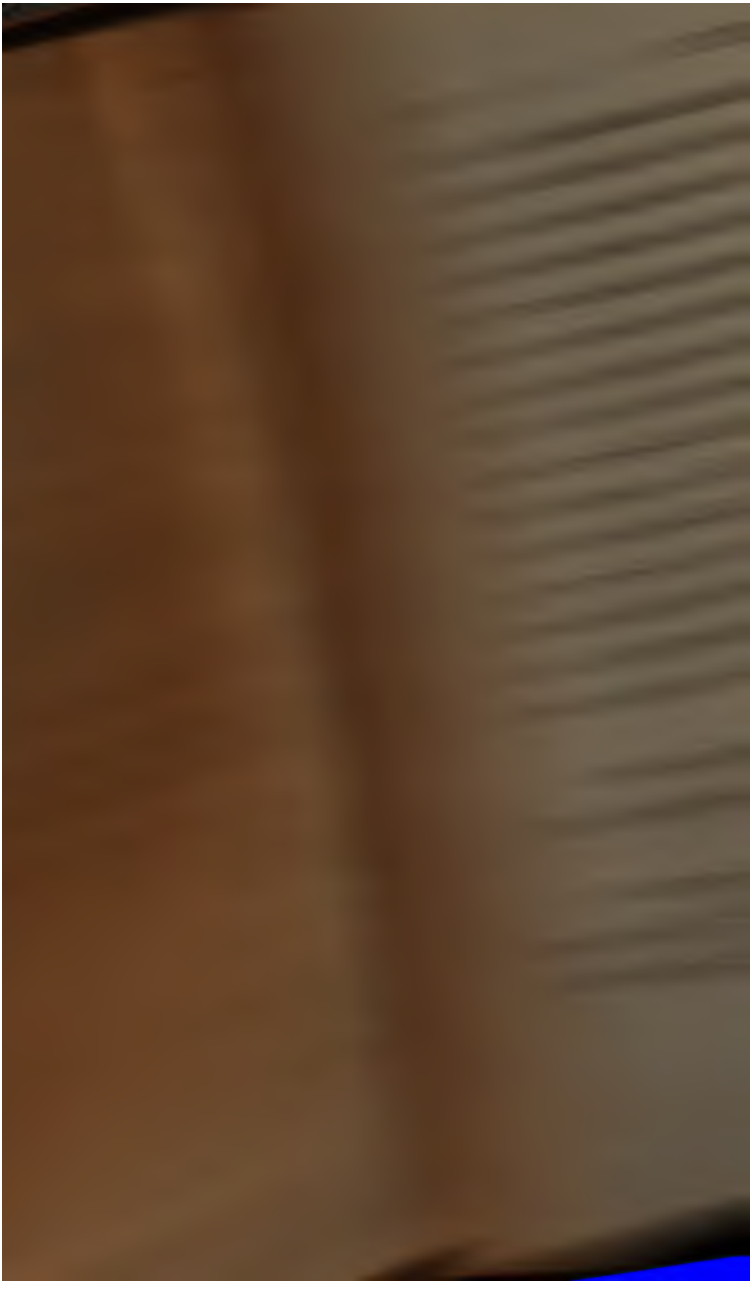
"Ah,

"Ah! you, *Mister* Jackanapes, I wish your tongue had been *putrified* instead of mine," cried the enraged lump of fat, driving the little man before her out of the shop.

"God help me, I wish I was safe packed in the hoy again. Glad shall I be to see *Wapping-dock* once more, for there I'm comfortable in my own way—I'm sick and tired of these here quality places, only its being in the fashion, and spending one's money genteelly; and, to be sure, it *serves* for conversation of a winter's evening."

Then looking out, and perceiving it rained, she returned to her seat, folding up her apron, and tying a silk handkerchief over her head.

"Dear me," she continued, "I wishes



than myself. She's as coarse as *bull-beef*, in the first place, and she's both weak-eyed and carrotty, in the next; and though she shuffles her feet about in the Scotch caper once a fortnight at the Red Lion, in our neighbourhood, her legs are as thick as an elephant's—so she may be a *clever* woman, but she is no ways a *charming* one.—Lord! Simpkin, you must have a very bad taste, not to think almost *any* other woman handsomer than her."

Here the narratress whisked the enveloping handkerchief off her head, and with a more consequential bridle arranged her bonnet in an opposite glass, as much as to say, "What d'ye think of *me* for a *charming woman?*" But the intended compliment lost its aim; for Simpkin, having already provoked her, did not seem inclined to venture a second offence, and therefore very prudently remained silent.

The rain having by this time ceased, she hooked her dreary arm within his skinny pinion, and waddled off.

"What a strange, disgusting woman," said I to the attendant.

"Oh, dear! Sir, such conversation is no novelty here, we meet with hundreds such characters in a week; it would be well worth any body's while to set down all the conversation that passes in this shop every day; it would soon fill a few volumes, and make the writer's fortune."

"Margate's a very pleasant place," rejoined; I "but like all other watering-places, it often exhibits very ludicrous caricatures; something similar to a pack of twelfth-night cards, quizzical in the extreme, enough to make a cat laugh."

"I never

"I never saw a *cat laugh*," replied the attendant; "but I've heard a *dog sing* 'God save the King,' better than many a christian could have done."

"So have I," said I, "in a propped blanket-tent, on Ascot Heath race-ground."

"The very same spot," answered she. "'Twas June twelvemonth I had my fortune told, too, by a gipsy girl, who said I was to ride in my coach before I died; so I shall be cautious how *I stoop* to pick up nothing."

At this juncture of egotism, in popped four or five customers; and as I felt little inclined to wait the conclusive description of her good fortune, I paid for my patties, and withdrew.

THE

THE SILVER QUARREL.

When I returned to the hotel, I met mine host, who asked if I meant to attend the assembly in the evening, it being a public night, and a full company was expected.

"Oh, yes," said I, "by all means. I shall step in anon, and see all there. I shall be at the coffee-house and library."

"You'll be all in good time for the sport," answered he; "shall I reserve you a partner?"

"By no means — I shall be only a lounger." This

Thus we parted:—he to his business—I for a walk round Hawley Square, to purchase a pair of gloves at the milliner's; where, who should I meet but Mrs. and the Miss Bustles, in a foaming clamour about sporting silver trimmings at the assembly.

"Your *Par* wont suffer it, girls, so don't think about it—it's not proper—its out of our *spear* of life."

"No, it i'n't, I'm sure," answered the young ladies; "every body wears it, now-a-days—it's only *three-pence* a yard, —and that's cheap enough, I think."

"Pooh, you'll look like Miss *Burnish*, the *tin-man*'s daughter, I tell ye; and every body made game of her, and said she'd dressed herself out in the *cuttings* of her father's *saucepans*."

"Well,

"Well, let's have gold ornaments, then, instead."

"Pshaw! nonsense! *Gould!* a pack of gingerbread finery! If you don't like to go decent, don't go at all."

In vain the milliner exhausted all her rhetoric in favour of the splendid trimmings, but it availed nothing.

During the harangue, in popped Mr. Bustle, to know if they had not almost finished shopping.

"I'm glad you're come, my dear," said Mrs. Bustle, "for the girls are *compusmentus* about wearing *silver shiny* trimmings."

"Yes, *Par*, do let us;—we only want a rope a-piece for our waists."

"I'd

"I'd sooner give you a *rope* a-piece over your *backs;* I'll warrant me you should not want a second *trimming,*" replied the father.

"Then, mayn't we have some feathers?" asked the disconcerted girls, but ill secreting the tears of vexation.

"No, no, feathers, no; don't make *jays* of yourselves;—do ye want to look like May-day *chimbly*-sweeps—hey? Or *Bartlemy* dolls, tricked out for a three-penny puppet-show — which? Come along, I say, I won't hear such nonsense; do *kiver* up your limbs modestly, and go as God made you."

Mortified to the highest degree, the pouting misses crept sullenly off behind papa and mamma, wishing themselves safe at home, if they could not go like other people.

THE

THE CINDER PICKER.

SAUNTERING along, I passed through the market, where some remarkably fine fish attracted my notice, but not more so than a dirty, ragged wretch, with a basket of cinders tied to her back, who was handling, with her grimy fingers, a pair of very large soals.

The keen eye of the fish-woman instantly observed the circumstance, and, placing her arms a-kimbo, *a la poissarde*, bawled out to the dirty witch not to touch her goods any more at her peril, for if she did, she'd *knock her down*.

"Go

"Go along, I say," continued she; "you must want to steal, for you've no money to buy such fish, I'm sure; so touch it again, and I'll give you a *douse* of the chops."

The woman muttered, and was walking slowly off, when a young butcher, who had witnessed the scene, thus addressed her:—

"Go home, and wash your *paws*, you nasty, dirty toad; who's to eat what you've been handling? Don't stick your claws upon any of my meat, for I won't sell it you. 'Drot you, get out of the market—you ought to be scouted for a nuisance."

"I'm sure my hands are no dirtier than your *deeds*," answered the cinder-picker; "I know you before to-day;—you're

you're a pretty skin-flint chap, like Master *Grinder*, the church-warden, I knows where. What quarrelled with the poor sexton, and turned him out of his place, because he could not make the man give up the *snuffings* of the *church candles* to make *tinder* of, for his own *family use?*—a shabby scrub!"

"What have I to do with that?" replied the butcher.

"Oh, you'd skin a sheep double if you could, I know. Who refused the poor green-woman the calve's liver, t'other day, for the value of a penny, and marked her poor child for a fright? So don't talk to me, you upstart brute."

This evidence, it seems, could not be confuted by the butcher, who, turning

on

on his heel, left her to pace grumbling off, to the no small diversion of some hooting boys, who sent several vollies of stones after her ragged heels.

END OF VOL. II.

J. D. DEWICK, Printer,
Aldersgate-street.